

THE
She-Gallants.

2. 1696

T H E

She-Gallants :

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E

I N

Little-LINCOLN-INN-FIELDS,

B Y

His MAJESTY's Servants.

by Lock Landgrave

L O N D O N :

Printed for Henry Playford in the Temple-Change. And
Benj. Cooke at the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet. 1696.

THE

COMEDY

THE

IN

THE

BY

BY

BY

BY

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

THIS Play was Written by the Author in *France* above twelve Years past, without any design of becoming Publick, but only as an Exercise to learn to Write, at an Age when many are but beginning to Spell. It was afterwards accidentally communicated to some Persons, and begg'd by a Friend, who propos'd to make some Advantage by it, which was consented to upon Promise that the Author should never be nam'd. Thus it remain'd for some Years in other Hands, till at last the Author was importun'd to own it, or his Friend had been

A 3 disap-

The Preface to the Reader.

disappointed. Some few Alterations were made to suit it only to the present time of Acting; in every thing else the Play is the same as at first, even to the Songs, and the Epilogue as it is printed. If his Friend has had a Third Day to his Satisfaction, it is all the end that the Author propos'd to himself: And if before the ordinary Age of Manhood, he shall be allow'd not to have been wholly Impotent, it is all the Commendation he expects. Of which the *Reader* is left to judge as he thinks fit.

Prologue to the SHE-GALLANTS,

Spoke by Mr. BETTERTON.

A *S* quiet Monarchs that on peaceful Thrones
In Sports and Revels long had Reign'd like Drones :
Rousing at length, reflect with Guilt and Shame,
That not One Stroke had yet been giv'n for Fame ;
Wars they proclaim, and to redeem the past,
To bold Attempts and rugged Labours haste.
Our Poet so : with like Concern reviews
The Youthful Follies of his Love-sick Muse.
To Amorous Toils, and to the Silent Grove ;
To Beauty's Snares, and to deceitful Love,
He bids Farewel : His Shield and Launce prepares,
And mounts the Stage, to bid Immortal Wars.

Vice, like some Monster, suff'ring none t'escape,
Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her Shape.
Here, like a General, she struts in State,
While Crowds in Red and Blue her Orders wait.
There, like some pensive Statesman, walks Demure,
And smiles and huggs, to make Destruction sure.
Now under high Commodores with Looks Erect,
Bare-fac'd devours in gawdy Colours deck.
Then in a Vizard, to avoid Grimace,
Allows all Freedom but to see the Face.

In Pulpits and at Bar, she wears a Gown ;
In Camps a Sword, in Palaces a Crown.
Resolv'd to Combat with this Motly Beast,
Our Poet comes to strike One Stroke at least.

His Glass he means, not for this Filt or Beau,
Some Features of you all he hopes to shew
On chosen Heads ; nor lets the Thunder fall,
But scatters his Artillery at All.

Yet to the Fair he fain wou'd Quarter show,
His tender Heart recoils at every Blow.
If unawares he give too smart a Stroke,
He means but to Correct, and not Provoke.

Persons Names.

Mr. Betterton,	<i>Bellamour,</i>	} Formerly contracted to <i>Angelica</i> , to be marry'd to <i>Lucinda</i> .
Mr. Hodgson,	<i>Philabel,</i>	In Love with <i>Lucinda</i> .
Mr. Thurman,	<i>Frederick,</i>	In Love with <i>Constantia</i> .
Mr. Underhill,	<i>Sir Toby Cusifle,</i>	A Knight a Pimp.
Mr. Bowen,	<i>Sir John Aery,</i>	} Two egregious Fops.
Mr. Dogget,	<i>Vaunter,</i>	
Mr. Bailie.	<i>Courtall,</i>	Brother to <i>Constantia</i> .

W O M E N.

Mrs. Barry,	<i>Lady Dorimen,</i>	<i>Aunt</i> to <i>Lucinda</i> .
Mrs. Bracegirdle,	<i>Angelica,</i>	} In Love with <i>Bellamour</i> , Daughter to <i>Sir Toby</i> .
Mrs. Bootell,	<i>Constantia,</i>	
Mrs. Bowman,	<i>Lucinda,</i>	In Love with <i>Frederick</i> .
	<i>Diana,</i>	} Sisters to <i>Frederick</i> .
	<i>Melissa,</i>	
	<i>Dorinda,</i>	
	<i>Miranda,</i>	
Mrs. Lee,	<i>Plackett,</i>	} Waiting-Woman to <i>Lady Dorimen</i> .

A Frenchman, that dresses Heads for Ladies.
Women that sell *Indian Ware*.
Page and Servants to *Lady Dorimen*.
Dancers and Fiddlers.

SCENE, St. JAMES's.

THE

(1)

T H E

She-Gallants.

A C T the First.

S C E N E I.

Company walking to and fro as in the Mall.

Enter Angelica and Constantia in Man's Apparel.

Ang. re-
peating, { **D** *Isguise your Inclinations as you can,
Yet every Woman's business is a Man.*

Conf. Notwithstanding the Poet's Opinion, I declare for my part, I wou'd have seen all Mankind at the Devil, before I'de have taken so much pains for any one of 'em.

Ang. Ah *Constantia*! when once a Woman has got a Man in her head ———

Conf. She never leaves till she has him ——— well, I say no more; but faith 'tis hard that Men should desert at this rate, and put us to such pains to bring 'em back to their Colours.

Ang. An old *Roman*, as I have read, began an Oration to this purpose: If we could break off all Communication with Women, we shou'd be freed from many Troubles Now, I say, if we Women wou'd renounce Mankind, we shou'd avoid many Evils, and be reveng'd for the past; for what cou'd they do without us?

Conf. Not so fast neither ——— Rather what cou'd we do without them?

Ang. It might be somewhat uneasy, I confess, but they wou'd have the worst of it.

Conf. Not so much as you may imagine, for they have a thousand other Diversions : Nor, wou'd Love it self be altogether excluded ; for in this wicked Age, a young, spruce, handsom Fellow, is become a Rival for a fine Woman. And I'll pawn my Breeches, and all that belongs to 'em, if in this Dress we are not as much courted by the Men themselves, as when we appear'd to be Women.

Ang. Fy, *Constantia*, thy Breeches have made thee strangely extravagant.

Conf. Why don't you see as we walk along, how they stop and look back—Demme' Jack, says one, a pretty young Fellow—By *Jove* as good as a Wench—And then a Lady with a languishing Cast, ogles over her shoulder, and whispers her Companion—I vow, my Dear, a most agreeable Creature. Upon my Reputation, such a Man is not at all my Aversion.

Ang. Of all the Conquests I have made in this habit, that which pleases me best, is my Adventure with my Lady *Dorimen*.—It is, you know, to her Neece *Lucinda*, that my faithless *Bellamour* is to be marry'd ; wherefore if I can but get into her Ladyship's Family, and have some power over her Inclinations, I hope to find an Expedient to break off a Match, which, if concluded, undoes me.

Conf. Exceeding Wise and Politick.

Ang. My trusty Friend and Counsellor in this Intrigue, (with Reverence be it spoken) is my own lewd old Father *Sir Toby Cusfle*, with whom thus disguis'd, I have contracted a particular Intimacy : Whoring and Pimping have been always his Occupation—The kind Offices he does of that sort, make him every where a welcom Person. He knows me not, nor indeed is it possible he shou'd, having left me at ten years old in the Country, at random, to the care of an old Nurse, and never seen, nor scarce enquir'd after me since.

Conf. A hopeful Father truly.

Ang. How unkind soever he has been, if by his assistance I can be so introduc'd to my Lady *Dorimen*, as to undermine *Bellamour*, and reclaim his Infidelity, he will then be a Father
to

to me indeed ; and I expect him here every minute, to give me some account of the progress he has made in it.

Conf. This Father of your's is a most necessary Man, and has likewise been particularly useful to me upon a like occasion ; for, to confess the Truth to you freely, there is some other meaning in my wearing Breeches, besides keeping you company.

Ang. Indeed I always suspected some secret Self-Interest in your Disguise, you put it on so willingly : But may not a Friend be inquisitive, and ask your Secret ?

Conf. Yes, and be told it. Know then, my dear *Angelica*, that tho' in publick I have been an Enemy declar'd to Love, yet we have held a private Correspondence together. And what may seem yet more *Bizarre*, the Man in the World whom I have always us'd worst, is he whom I have lov'd best. I know what Dissemblers are Men, and am resolv'd to enquire thorowly into my Lover, before I discover my Inclinations. If I find *Frederick* loves me sincerely, and is a Man of Honour, I will then explain my self in his favour : But if I prove him unworthy, my Aversion, that is now but Pretence, shall be real, and he shall never so much as suspect that I have had the least good thought of him.

Ang. This Caution is much to be prais'd, and the more, because it is so very unusual to love, and be discreet at the same time.

Conf. In pursuance therefore of this Design, I have already made a friendship with him, passing for my own Brother *Court-all*, whom every one knows to resemble me so entirely, that we have often, by changing of habits, been mistaken the one for the other. Thus have I many opportunities to pry into his most secret affections, to examin his humour, and sound him to the bottom : But the Jest on't is, that he has propos'd a cross Match to me, proffering me the choice of his four Sisters, provided I will undertake to persuade *Constantia* to relent ; to which I have agreed, and have accordingly made formal Address to all four.

Ang. How ! to all four !

Conf. Yes, and am hugely diverted ; for, you must know, their Brother has strictly instructed 'em to be wanting in no kind of encouragement : I never rise in a morning, but I find my Toilette cover'd with Presents, Rings, Bracelets, Perfumes, and a world of fine things ; for which I make equal acknow-

ledgments to all, and protest it most impossible to know which to chuse.

Ang. And are you not very malicious, to triumph in this manner over the weakness of your own Sex? Besides, what can this exposing the Sisters, profit any thing with the Brother?

Conf. O let me alone to manage it; if I fail in my Ends, I'll be bound to renounce my Petticoats for ever, and never to find any thing more substantial in Breeches than what you can give me: for your Plot I don't see how it can fail, for faith I cou'd be in love with you my self, but that I know your Credentials are counterfeit, and 'tis a false Pass which you shew.

Ang. Prithee tell me truly, what manner of a Man do I make?

Conf. A very Spark, upon Honour; and, to all outward appearances, as much a Man as the best. Any thing that's well Periwig'd, and Powder'd, and Steenkirk'd, and Embroider'd, is a Man. Singing and Dancing, and Dress, is Breeding. Noise, Familiarity and Impertinence, is Wit. Whistling to one's self—as thus——or taking Snuff gravely——as thus——passes for Thought, and serious Consideration: And all this put together, is a Man.

Ang. At least as much as is necessary for us two at this time——But however one is a little Awkard at first——How do I walk?

Conf. Ha, an Air *fieré & déterminée*——

[*They strut about the Stage.*]

Ang. And then my Legs, *Constantia*.

Conf. 'Tis true, the Ladies love good Supporters—They'll do, they'll do, 'Sbud fear nothing.

Ang. Why how now Bully, what, thou swear'st too?

Conf. Damm your Whinings and Formalities: “Confound me, Madam, I adore you; Thunder rive me, I must enjoy you——How much better this sounds than——” Durst I presume, Madam; or might I be permitted——Zoons, how many a modest Fool has lost his Longing, for want of Damming, Sinking, and Confounding handsomly, and like a Gentleman.

Ang. Peace, Madcap——here comes my old bawdy Father, according to appointment.

Enter.

Enter Sir Toby, who runs and embraces them.

Sir Toby. My *Ganimed*——My *Hylas*——

Ang. My *Jupiter*.

Conf. My *Hercules*.

Sir Toby. My dear little Sparks of Love, let me kiss ye. You're lucky Rogues both——Wrapt in your Mothers Smocks Begad——There's not a Lady in Town but lies at your mercy——(*to Ang.*) For your part, my little *Cupid*, my Lady *Dorimen's* your own, the least Thrust throws her flat e'gad, just you know how——I met her this minute, and she gave me such a Look, such sweet Ogles, as thus d'ye see, and thus; so very dying egad, it made my heart ake to see it.

Ang. Alas! poor Lady——If she languishes in earnest, she knows her Remedy, *Sir Toby*.

Sir Toby. And that's heartily said i'faith: Well, she for a willing Mistress, and old *Toby* for a hearty Pimp, I'll say't we are the best in Christendom: But hark——I had like to have forgot——This 'tis to have so much Occupation at a time——(*to Conf.*) see here my Mark——*Anthony*.

[*Pulls out a Bracelet.*]

*Twice twenty slender Virgin Fingers twine
This curious Web, where all their Fancies shine.*

Your four Mistresses beg you to accept of this Bracelet, 'tis the work of all four, compos'd of their own hairs, and wrought with their own hands.

Conf. A thousand Thanks, dear *Sir Toby*——all your Offices are friendly.

Sir Toby. Hush! hush! who comes here? what, a Swarm of Beaux and Froes?

[*Company continuing to walk in the Mall.*]

My Lord, your Lordship's——Madam, your most obedient——

That's my little Lord *Wagfan*——That's fine Mrs. *Wrigglebum*.

Sir John Airy, Vaunter, and Ladies crossing over, Sir John and Vaunter run to Sir Toby.

Vaun. Ha, Chevalier *Ferny*, dear Rogue, let me kiss thee.

Sir J. Airy. Dear *Toby*, let me kiss thee. Thou'lt excuse me, *Geddemme*, that I don't stay with thee, but the Ladies would never forgive me: Let me go this once, and I'll make what haste I can to come to thee again, begged. [Exeunt singing.]

Sir Toby. Let thee go? Who the Devil keeps thee. —

Ang. What Fools are those, *Sir Toby*?

Sir Toby. Such Fools as are to be seen, but not to be describ'd; adzooks, the Town swarms with them; one is call'd *Vaunter*, and the other *Sir John Airy*, Fops, with great Estates; Cullies to the Women, and Bubbles to the Men. — But who have we here. — Ay, 'tis she her self by Jove. — My Lady *Dorimen* in *propria Persona*, with her Neice *Lucinda*; and just behind 'em, my little *Courtall*, your four *Cleopatra's*; stay you and meet them, while we follow my Lady *Dorimen*. — Make your best Leg, — bow, bow, and let her pass, we'll catch her the next turn. — Now follow, — adzooks, I love Pimping dearly.

[Lady *Dorimen*, *Lucinda*, *Placket* cross over the Stage; *Sir Toby* and *Angelica* follow.]

Enter *Diana*, *Melissa*, *Dorinda*, and *Miranda*; *Constantia* joyns them with the Bracelet in her Hand.

Conf. re-peating, { *As Nature them, so they this Shade have wrought,
Soft as their Hand, and various as their Thought.*

And did you think my Heart, Ladies, not enough your own, before that you have sent me this pretty Chain to bind it faster.

Diana. The Ladies who sent you that Bracelet, sure meant it for a Reproach, and not for a Favour; and it seems to say, *Unconstant Man, can no one Colour please you?*

Conf. Truly, Madam, I made a more favourable Interpretation, and concluded, that the Ladies, who have been so kind to present me their Hair, meant to deliver up their Strength with it.

Mel. You

Mel. You Men interpret every thing with vanity to your selves.

Conf. Alas, Madam, take away Hope and Vanity, you kill us; they are the Cordials that kind Nature has provided for our Comfort upon all occasions of Disgrace and Discouragement.

Dor. If Vanity could keep you alive, the Men of this Age are so stock'd, they would be Immortal.

Dia. Really, Sister, we give our Lover too many occasions to feed his Vanity, see how plump and ruddy it keeps him.

Mel. Let us resolve then for the future, to be seen only in frowns.

Dia. Till we make him look like a Lover in earnest.

Mir. A Lover in earnest would be a strange sight indeed.

Dor. As strange as many other things that are often discours'd of, but never seen.

Dia. Love is the pretence of all Mankind, as common in their Mouths,——

Mir. As Snuff in their Noses; ——

Dor. But is never to be found in their Hearts.

Mel. Besides, Men are grown such self-enamour'd things, that they neither like nor love any thing but themselves.

Conf. And what is the whole World sway'd by, but self-affection; the Courtier sides with the great Man in hopes of Preferment; the great Man is diligent about his Prince, because he rises by him; and there is scarce a Priest who serves God, but for the sake of a Benefice.

Dor. Pray, are not your Lovers the same? for when a Man pretends a Passion; what is it he intends but to content his own Desires? You seek not to give, but to receive Pleasure, and that you call Love.—— Love of your selves, indeed.

Mir. The Friendship, Loyalty, Religion, and Love of Men serve only to cover private Ends.

Dia. And the Virtues of Mankind are all but Vices in disguise.

Conf. Very smart and satyrical; 'tis pity Ladies, but this humour of Bitterness were encouraged; what say you to an *ex-empore* Lampoon by word of Mouth upon the whole *Mall*?

All Women. With all our hearts.

Dia. Really nothing so diverting, as to rail at Folks behind their Backs.

Conf. See yonder for the Purpose, a Legion of Lords and Ladies tossing their Heads, and jetting their Tails; ——— let's follow, and be exceeding severe.

All Women. We'll not spare a Man.

Conf. Nor I a Woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucinda and Placket.

Lucin. We'll take a turn or two by our selves: my Aunt is among the Men, and won't miss us. Did you deliver the Note I sent to *Bellamour*?

Plac. Yes, Madam, but I vow it went against my heart.

Lucin. The truth is, he has been so arrogant of late, especially since he thought there were no longer any Obstacles to our Marriage, that I begin to be tir'd of him; and when a Woman begins to be tir'd of a Man whilst he is a Lover, she has but little encouragement to take him for a Husband.

Plac. But there is this to be consider'd, Madam, you have your Aunt's Instructions to love him; you have given him your self great Encouragement; the whole Town has talkt of it, and what can you expect the World will think?

Lucin. Why let it think; this fear of the World destroys all the satisfactions of a Woman's Life: Hang the World, a Woman that minds what the World thinks or says, had better never have been in the World.

Plac. But what can be the reason of this sudden alteration?

Lucin. I confess the absence of *Philobel* had almost made me forget him, and I began insensibly to feel a kind of Inclination for *Bellamour*: If my old Lover had not return'd, I might have made my new one the happy Man; but since I hear *Philobel* came last night to Town, I find my self more inclin'd to my first Promise than my last, and in this have only acted like a Woman of the Age; if one Lover had fail'd, I entertain'd another in case of necessity.

Plac. The

Plac. Then you are resolv'd to break with poor Mr. *Bellamour*.

Lucin. Not absolutely break with him, but suspend my Resolution till I know how *Philabel* continues inclin'd; for as I told you before, I must not lose both; and tho the uneasiness and jealousy of *Bellamour's* Temper has lost him some part of my good Will, he is yet in the Ballance.

Plac. Well, I vow Madam, methinks nothing's so pleasing as to see one's Lover jealous; sometimes in Fury, then presently at your Feet; now raging to part, then submissive for a Reconciliation; for, what's a Woman's pow'r, unless she could master a Lover of all Humours?

Lucin. Yes, I would master him: I would have my Lover my Slave; a thing cast to please and obey me; like my Glove, to draw on or off as I think fitting; but then this Lover must not be jealous; that shews too much like a Contention for the Mastery; every Look and Action is to be enquir'd into, and a strict account exacted of all that's done or said. No, give me the Lover that's free, who never pries into my Affairs, who has his Secrets, and lets me have mine; for so all private Reck'nings are handsomely discharg'd, no matter for the rest, that's the Husband for me.

Plac. But while you suffer so much main Stock to be spent abroad, there must needs run a great deal behind-hand to you. Lord! I should be so sorry to see you pick up a Husband from a Side-box at a Play, or the Gallery in St. James's Church, and so after the first year be forc'd to live in the *Fleet*, or the *King's Bench*.

Lucin. And why not, rather than marry a dull, fat Fool, with a great Estate, whose Faculties are all choak'd up with Flegm; a Lump, whose only sign of Life is sweating; we may melt his Grease, but not extract one wholesome Drop out of him.——No, give me a Man without a Fortune, rather than a Fortune without a Man. I had rather beg with a brisk, lively, young Fellow, than reign with a heavy, bloated, overgrown Blockhead.

Plac. Your Aunt, Madam.

Enter Lady Dorimen, Sir Toby, Angelica, as in discourse.

Lady Dor. Your Wits are never seen in publick with their Wives; 'tis become a point of Scandal, and passes for Demonstration of a Fool.

Sir Toby. To be seen with a Wife, may be one Demonstration; to have a Wife, adzooks, is another.

Ang. *Sir Toby*, you have been marri'd your self, as great an Antagonist to Marriage as you pretend to be; and as I have heard, was so pious a Husband, that in Honour to your Wives Memory, you spent a Thousand pounds in her Funeral.

Sir Toby. Yes, Sweat-heart, for Joy, and would have spent five times that Sum to have purchas'd so glorious a Day.

Ang. Methinks you should at least express more respect for a Condition of Life, which this young Lady has determin'd so suddenly to make Choice of for her self.

Lucin. Not so fully determin'd, Sir, but I shall take some time to consider of it.

[*Lady Dorimen takes Sir Toby aside.*

Lady Dor. *Sir Toby*, if you please, a word with you in private.

Ang. to Lucin.] This would be very ill news, Madam, for Mr. Bellamour, whose impatience must needs be great to be possess'd of so much happiness.

Enter Bellamour, observing them.

Lucin. I am not, I assure you, in such haste for a Husband, as to venture any part of my own repose to satisfy Mr. Bellamour's impatience.

Bell. coming up.] And do you think it such a venture, Madam?

Luc. There is no judging of Men, Mr. Bellamour, by what they appear to be, while they Court us.

Bell. Give me leave, Madam, to add, nor of Women, while they are courted (*softly to her*) at least unconstant Woman,
if

if I may compare your former Encouragements, with your indifference to Day.

[Lady Dorimen *talking aside with* Sir Toby.

Lady Dor. But are you sure he is such a one, as a Lady may with safety repose her Honour in his hands?

Sir Toby. Her Honour, ay, adzooks, or any thing else that she has.

To *Ang.*] Hark ye, young Gentleman, my Lady desires to know if you are a Gamester; she wants a Man sometimes to pass an Evening, or so, at *Piquette*.—— You understand me.

Ang. You might have answer'd for me; I'll never stick out at any Games my Lady shall propose.

Sir Toby. Look ye, Madam, he will never stick out; and adzooks, I think that's as much as any reasonable Woman can desire.

Lady Dor. *Sir Toby*, shall I venture my self a turn with you and your Friend alone: Neice, you won't be angry to be left with Mr. *Bellamour*, your Servant; we shall meet the next turn.

[*Bellamour bows.*——*Exeunt* Lady Dor. *Sir Toby*, and *Ang.*

Bell. Yes, Women are unintelligible to the most piercing and quick-sighted: Nothing is sincere in whatever they say or do: They are all Artifice and Disguise; resolving and altering without Sence or Reason; nothing is constant either in their Minds, or in their Bodies. As these are a Prey to Age and Infirmities, so are those to every frivolous Interest and idle Temptation. Their Love is never so firm and well-establish'd, but it is sacrific'd every hour to their Folly, or their Pride.——

Lucin. Enough, enough, Mr. *Bellamour*,—— if these are your Opinions of our Sex, how are you to be believ'd, when you say you love us? For how can any thing so deform'd, as you describe Women, be belov'd?

Bell. There is a secret Enchantment in your Persons, that bewitches us to our own Destruction.—— Inconstant *Lucinda*, after so many obliging Encouragements! Why was this cruel Letter sent me this morning.

R E A D S.

YOU have been too confident of my Consent ; presume no longer on my Aunts Authority : My Heart is yet my own, and while it continues so, my Person shall never be dispos'd of. — Come not near me to day.

Speaks.] Why am I thus abus'd ?

Lucin. Come not near me to day. — Mark that command. Why am I disobey'd ?

Bell. If any mistake has happen'd to cause this Alteration, or if in ought unknowing I've transgress'd, may I not be permitted to clear my Innocence ?

Lucin. To make your self more guilty, is that to clear your Innocence ? I will have you take notice, that I expect to be obey'd in every trifle : Let my Commands seem never so unjust or unreasonable, I say, I will be obey'd ; nor will I have my Lover dare to examine the reason of what I do, but submit patiently, and expect with Resignation : While I am your Mistress, learn to behave your self like my Vassal ; when I am your Wife, you may have your Revenge.

[Re-enter Lady Dorimen, Angelica, and Sir Toby.]

Sir Toby. Well, I'll say't, of a Critick, my *Lady Dorimen's* the Critick of Criticks.

Bell. aside to *Luc.*] There is a secret Mystery in your Words and Actions, that must be explain'd, — but this is no time for it, — your Company returns. — I know not how to suspect your Virtue, and therefore I entreat you, Madam, if I have in any thing ignorantly offended, condemn me not unheard.

[Bows, and is going.]

Lady Dor. Stealing off : Mr. *Bellamour*, do we drive you away ?

Bell. I beg your Ladiship to excuse me, I will wait on you the next turn.

[Seems to go out, but turns short, and talks aside to the Maid.]

Lady Dor.

Lady Dor. Neice, What have you been doing to Mr. Bellamour? he seem'd to leave us in a strange Disorder.

Ang. He looks already with the careful Face of a Marry'd Man.

Lucin. He's in one of his splenatick Fits: 'Tis an Affectation the Men have got to disguise ill Humour, and ill Manners.

Ang. See, he's return'd, and is whispering with your Maid.

Sir Toby. Giving her some private Directions, Madam, where you may see the Pearl Necklace, the Diamond Locketts and Pendants, and the Plate for your Toilet that are to be presented upon the Wedding-day.

Ang. That if there is any thing amiss, such Alterations may be made before-hand as are suitable to your own Fancy.

Lucin. Rather bribing my Maid, to discover to him who are my Visitants, what Correspondences I keep, and a thousand such jealous enquiries.

[*Plackett talking aside to Bellamour.*

Plac. He a Rival! what shou'd my Mistress do with such a Whiffler? He signifies no more to a Woman, than a Fly to a Camel.

Bell. Mrs. Plackett, I repose entirely upon your Sincerity, and shall gratefully reward all your Services.

[*Exit Bellamour.*

Lady Dor. Plackett come hither; what has Mr. Bellamour been whispering to you?

Plac. Nothing, Madam, but only to know whether my young Lady designs for the Play or the Park, that he may accordingly order his business to be where she is to be ogl'd.

Lady Dor. Some such amorous Enquiry I durst have sworn -- Neice, is not our time come to be going?

Lucin. When your Ladyship pleases.

Ang. The Park, Madam, is still full —

Lady Dor.

Lady Dor. An invincible Necessity obliges us at this time.

Ang. That Invincible Necessity is Infinitely Disobliging.

Sir Toby. We must not part, Madam, but at your Coach-side.

Ang. *Sir Toby*, you are one of those happy Men who have leave to go any where with the Ladies.

Sir Toby. Ay Child, they'll let me go as far as their Lap-Dogs or Squirrels, the Doctor or the Midwife. Alas! I may peep where I please: An Old Man is like a Beast tam'd, my Paw frights no Body.

[*Exeunt, leading the Ladies.*]

The End of the First Act.

A C T

A C T the Second.

S C E N E I.

The Scene of the P A R K continues.

Enter Frederick, Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Fred. **L** O V E is an universal Invader: Whatever Women pretend, they are all sensible alike; the best Livers as much as the loosest Prostitutes; only with this difference, those whom we call Virtuous and Chaste, have more Pride, or a greater force of Diffimulation.

Dia. Really, Brother, you'r a strange Man: I say 'tis impossible for a Woman to be in Love, and I'll maintain it.

Mel. In Love! Lord, with what! with a filthy Man! Phogh.

Dor. With a stiff Beard, that fetches Blood with every Kifs.

Mel. A great pot Belly, a broad Back, and huge Legs and Arms, enough to squeeze one to pieces.

Fred. There is another sort of Man, my good Sisters, that, perhaps, may not be so disagreeable: I mean your smooth Beaux, who's as tender and gentle as any Lady; always trickt and perfum'd like a Lady; and were it not for his Breeches, a very Lady.

Dia. Really I should as soon have a Passion for a Shadow.

Mir. Truly, Sisters, methinks you'r too nice; I have seen very proper handsome Men of all sorts and sizes.

Dia.

Dia. Really, Sister, such a Confession do's not become the mouth of one who values her Reputation.

Mel. Men are odious Creatures I vow, and I'll live and die in the Assertion.

Fred. Young *Courtall* will soon make Profelytes of you all.

Dia. He! Harmless insignificant Thing.

Fred. One of you, if you love me, must love him. I have already told you how passionately I adore his Sister, and that he has promis'd to put me in possession of her, when ever one of you four will consent to be his Wife. Upon this Article depends my Life and Happiness; if not perform'd, I am miserable; but if perform'd, am blest for ever.

Dia. To save a Brother's life, really much shou'd be done; but, I vow, a Man is strangely my Aversion.

Mel. True, Sister; but when a Brother's Life's in Jeopardy.

Fred. To day he has promis'd to determine which of the four is most his inclination; wherefore I beseech her, whom ever it is she fixes upon, to consider she has a Brother's Life and Fortune in her hands.

Dia. If I am the Person, really I cannot agree to it, unless you confess that you are verily persuaded that I consent out of pure Love and Kindness to you, and not any Carnal Affection to the Man ——— And I don't at all doubt but I am the Person.

Mel. You the Person?

Dor. Sure he has more Wit than to chuse the Oldest.

Dia. The Oldest? You insipid Creature ———

Fred. Pray cease these untimely Dissentions.

Enter a Boy to Frederick.

Boy. Mr. *Courtall*, Sir, is at your Honour's house, and has directed me to acquaint the young Ladies, that he will wait there till they have done walking.

Fred. Tell him they are coming ——— [*Exit Boy.*
Your Lover is waiting for you at home; I find he cannot be very disagreeable to you, since you are so ready to quarrel for him.

Dia.

Dia. For him! Really, Brother, if you think so, I will concern my self no more in this Affair; my Sisters might fall out for the Man, but I vow my Disorder proceeded from nothing but an inordinate desire to be the Instrument of your happiness.

Fred. Pray no more words ——— Go home, agree among your selves, and make me happy, by making *Courtall* so.

[*Exeunt Women.*

How awkwardly we strive to conceal our Passions! [*Solus.*
And how apparent is the Love of these Women, in spite of their affected Aversion! It is as hard to hide True Love, as it is to dissemble Feign'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John Aery and Vaunter.

Sir J. Aery. *Lucinda* to be marry'd to *Bellamour*! Geddemme, as I hope to be sav'd, sure she wont serve me so: But hang't, all Women are Jilts, and I don't care this pinch of Snuff who has her.

Vaun. Nor I, Beged; for I have taken pains to make the Town believe I have had her, and, Beged, that's all I desire with any Woman.

Sir J. Aery. And, Demme, she has made me believe a thousand times that I shou'd have her; for by all the great Geds and the little, she never sees me, but she laughs full in my face; and if to smile is a sign of being pleas'd, Beged to laugh is at least as much again.

Vaun. Well interpreted, dear *Sir Jecky*, Beged; for wherever I go, I observe every body laugh, and I always us'd to take it for an Affront.

Sir J. Aery. That's very foolish, Geddemme: Now, I never take any thing for an Affront. If a Man calls me Son of a Whore, Beged I always take it for a mark of familiarity and kindness. If any one kicks, or gives me a Box on the Ear, I take it all in good part. A very good Jest, i'faith, and I laugh till I hold my sides.

Vaun. Thou'rt i'th' right, Beged; for why the Devil shou'd I suppose any Man would affront a Man of my parts? Beged, 'tis less'ning one's self, and I thank thee, dear *Jecky*, from my Soul, for reforming me in this Error: But prithee tell me, dear

D

Aery,

Aery, didst thou ever speak to *Lucinda*, that she has ever given such hopes?

Sir J. Aery. Speak to her, *Geddemme*, No : Was ever any thing so foolish? What signifies speaking? If speaking would do, why none but Men of Sense would be happy; and when the Devil didst thou ever know a Man of Sense well receiv'd by a Woman?

Vaun. That's true, by all the great Geds and the little; for I have observ'd all my life, that my Gilt Coach and Six Horses, and Footmen in Lace-Liveries, have got me more Women, than all my fine Speeches; and, *Beged*, I know what to say too as well as another.

Sir J. Aery. *Geddemme*, Paux there is more Rhetorick in a Tune on the Flute passionately play'd, or a Song languishingly humour'd, than in all *Cicero*. And tho' I can speak Sense as well as another, yet, *Demme*, I'm too well bred to offend the Ladies--- But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, tell me how thou hast made the Town believe thou hast had *Lucinda*; for, *Beged*, that's a pretty sort of Vanity that I shou'd be exceeding fond of.

Vaun. Why, *Beged*, no otherwise than thus : At Church, I always sit in the same Pew; at the Play, in the same Box; at the Musick-meeting, I contrive to be the next Man to her, and never fail to lead her out upon all these occasions. In the Park, I turn as she turns; I go out, when she goes out; I drive by her Coach, then stop, and go softly, till she goes by again; then gallop, *Beged*, till I overtake her once more; and so twenty times together, ogling like a Devil, till I see where she alights, there I alight too; and, *Beged*, she never makes a Visit, but I am up Stairs as soon as she. The World takes notice of these Affiduties, and being always glad of any opportunity to defame, my happiness is every where publisht; my Friends give me joy of my success, which I receive with an O Gad, why shou'd you think so? What can a Woman see in me? This Town is a strange place, that a man can do nothing in secret, *Geddemme*, I can't imagin how this came to be found out; for, *beged*, I took all the care in the World to be discreet, but these foolish Women always betray themselves— And so, *Geddemme*, half avowing, and half denying, I palm my self upon a Woman——

Sir J. Aery. That wou'd sooner spit in thy face, than let thee kifs her —

Vaun. Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Right, Geddemme, as I hope to be fav'd, by all the great Geds and the little, and a very good Jest it is ; and thus I got the Name of the Ladies fine Gentleman.

Sir J. Aery. But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, wilt not thou look like an Afs, when the world knows another man has got thy suppos'd Mistress from thee?

Vaun. Demme not at all, for I'll swear I gave my consent, and that the Fool has nothing but my leavings ; and that I was seeking some handsom occasion to get rid of her, and, beged, you know the Town is always ready to believe any ill that's said of a Woman : But however, Geddemme, if I cou'd meet with this *Bellamour*, I shou'd be provok'd to forbid the Banes, beged, by mincing the Dog to Atoms.

Sir J. Aery. Say'st thou so, Bully-Rock, beged yonder he comes—And but that it wou'd not be like men of Honour for two to fall upon one, I'd stay and help thee ; so, dear *Vaunter*, fare thee well.

Vaun. Demme, *Aery*, thou wilt not leave me so — See, there comes a spruce Prigg with him, that thou shalt mince.

Sir J. Aery. I'm heartily sorry, dear *Vaunter*, that I can't serve thee ; but, Beged, I engag'd my person but last Night to a great Lady for all this day, and my person not being my own at this time, dear Rogue, you must needs excuse me. Besides, my Lady *Gobble* tipt me the Wink just now to follow her.

Vaun. Now I think better on't, why a Devil shou'd I make a noise of this matter ? that wou'd look to the world like resenting some disappointment ; and, Demme, I scorn the world shou'd think I was ever disappointed — But I'll tell thee what I'll do better, I'll write her a Letter by the Penny-Post, that shall give such a Character of him as shall infallibly do his business ; so, dear *Aery*, let's about it, and then come back, and rally the poor Dog to death.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellamour and Angelica.

Bell. Women grow troublesome when they are so fond: Your Cousin *Angelica* might have spar'd you this trouble; I'd as live see a Ghost, as receive a remembrance from a Cast-Mistress.

Ang. You say you lov'd her once, and it is by that Love she now conjures you not to give way to any other Passion which will make her desperate, and you perjur'd.

Bell. I shou'd be sorry to make a Lady desperate; but if to change a Mistress is Perjury, who is innocent?

Ang. What Reason can you give for your change?

Bell. Faith none at all: Our Inclinations are our Masters, and we wander but as our Stars lead us; if they are false Lights, and shew us out of the way, let them answer for't. It was my fortune to see *Angelica*, and to love her. It was my fortune to be absent from her, and to forget her: What is there new in all this? I confess she has Beauty and Wit, and I wish her a great deal of Happiness; but there is a Luck which over-rules all, the deserving are not always the successful.

Ang. Sure Fortune will never side with Falshood and Perjury —

Bell. O you mistake Fortune: Fortune is, as it were, an Hospital for Villany and Folly, where all are provided for, whom Nature has maim'd and disfigur'd. Mark every rude unpolish'd Owl you meet, he's sure to be some Minion of Fortune's; and every nauseous ill-favour'd Hagg, is not her Name a Fortune? The Children of this World have all different Portions; some have Wit, others Beauty: But where there is no Merit to be found, those have Fortune, which is the Cordial Drop prescrib'd by Providence to comfort 'em, for the severity and unkindness of Nature.

Ang. And so by consequence, because my Cousin *Angelica* has some merit, therefore she must be unfortunate.

Bell.

Bell. Besides, to confess the truth, I cannot but think two years Absence has made as great an Alteration in her, as in me: Women are seldom behind-hand with us, and two years was time enough for a Woman to have chang'd two dozen of Lovers.

Ang. And is this the best Answer she is to expect from you?

Bell. It is. Yet, if you please, you may give it some kinder turn: I would not deal too roughly with one whom I had once lov'd, and whose Beauty and Virtues I still admire; therefore, pray, chuse the gentlest terms you can to comfort her, and advise her to forget one who cannot but confess he has been ungrateful.

Ang. And if 'tis possible, she shall hate as much as ever she lov'd you.

Bell. Not hate me: I would not have her hate me, only not love so much; and not injure her self by any extravagance of Passion, nor by any over-fondness be burthensome to me.

Enter Sir J. Aery and Vaunter.

Sir J. Aery. Ha, *Bellamour*! Give thee Joy, dear Rogue; give thee Joy. The Town says thou'rt going to be marry'd, 'tis talk'd of, *Geddemme*, by every body at the Chocolate-house.

Vaun. By all the great Geds, and the little, is the Man posselt, to condemn himself for all the Days and Nights of his Life to one body; to be bound never to change her, tho she change never so much, tho she grows never so old, so odious, so stinking, and ill-favour'd, phogh, *Geddemme*, to live under an eternal Persecution?

Sir J. Aery. Let me be torn by wild Horses, wrack'd alive, bury'd quick; but save me, Heaven, save me from this Holy Inquisition, call'd Marriage, beged.

Ang. aside. These Fools for once may be useful; I'll encourage the humour. — Do not you know, Mr. *Bellamour*, that let the Person be never so lovely, or so much lov'd, as soon as she becomes your Wife, the Charm ends? Like enchanted Palaces that we approach with admiration, but in the instant when we think we are entering into Paradise, we find our selves in some dark Dungeon inhabited by Toads and Adders.

Sir J. Aery.

Sir J. Aery. Do not you know, Geddemme', that let a Person be never so much an Angel before Enjoyment, she is the Devil afterwards?

Ang. Perhaps, by the continual presence of the Person, by considering her deliberately, and examining her in all Lights, we find many things wanting to our first Expectation.. Perhaps a quiet and peaceable Enjoyment of any thing makes it the less valued: Or it may be, by a frequent and customary Commerce, the Pleasures of the Sence lose their quickness and vivacity.

Vann. Women are Riddles, Geddemme, past all expounding.

Ang. To day they are one thing.

Sir J. Aery. To morrow another.

Vann. Constant to nothing.

Ang. A Compound of Whimsies, toss'd to and fro by as many Humours, as the Ocean by Winds.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme, there is no Woman's mind, but is past a Man's understanding.

Vann. There is no being certain of what is always uncertain, beged.

Ang. And in a Country full of Precipices, who but Mad-men will leap blindfold? In a word, I can imagine no such lively Emblem of Marriage, as the Punishment for Parricides among the Ancients; where the offender was sow'd into a Bag with a Monkey, a Dog, and a Serpent; these three Companions truly represent the Character of a Wife; who is an eternal Chatterer, and full of tricks like a Monkey; or howling and snarling like a Dog; or with a forked Tongue and invenom'd Teeth, stinging and biting like a Serpent.

Sir J. Aery. But perhaps the poor Dog has a mind to a Son and Heir, and to see himself growing up in a little Monkey-fac'd Representative; but, hark ye, my dear Friend *Bell.* take this saying of the Poet's along with you, and treasure it up;

*Though Solomon with a thousand Wives,
To get a wise Successor, strives;
But one, and he a Fool, survives. Geddemme.*

Bell.

Bell. Gentlemen, I thank you; I was once beginning to be very angry, but I find so much reason in your Remonstrances, that I esteem my self much oblig'd to you. The Counsel of Fools is not to be despis'd when 'tis good; and so your Servant. [Exit Bellamour.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme', Fools! who do's the unmannerly Puppy mean?

Vaun. Beged, not me; for all the World knows I am none.

Ang. I am much mistaken, Gentlemen, if he did not mean you both. (*aside*) Two such Originals I never saw.

Sir J. Aery. Demme, a very smart Lad. — Dear Rogue, let me kiss thee.

Vaun. Ay, dear Rogue, let me kiss thee, for thou and I must be better acquainted. Beged, thou'rt a Rump-Jewel for a Prince.

Ang. By your leave, Gentlemen, these Lips are reserv'd for better occasions.

Sir J. Aery. Ah, *le petit Malitieux*! I never saw a *Steenkirk* better put on.

Enter Sir Toby and Philabel.

Vaun. *Sir Toby Cusifle*, my most Illustrious Patron, great Master of the Mysteries of Pimperlimpimp, Geddemme', your humble Servant.

Sir J. Aery. My dear Brother Knight Baronet, your humble Servant, beged.

Sir Toby. Adzookers, when I have such Servants, they shall never be seen without broken heads.

Sir J. Aery. A very good Jest; by the great Geds and the little. — Let me kiss thee.

Sir Toby. Stand off you Cur, — thy Breath smelis farther than a Brick-kiln.

Sir J. Aery. Demme', thou'rt so plaguy witty. — But, what Fool do'st think I have been rallying to Death?

Sir Toby. I see no Fool, adzooks, here, but *Vaunter*.

Sir J. Aery. No, Demme, a greater Fool than *Vaunter*.

Sir Toby. Thy self.

Sir J. Aery

Sir J. Aery. Thou'lt make me angry one time or other with these true Jests, Geddemme.

Sir Toby. Geddemme thou li'st, thou canst not be angry.

[*He Canes him.*

Sir J. Aery. Nay, prithee don't be so damnable witty: Pox, I hate these Jests that make one's Sides ake without Laughing.

Ang. Spare him, good *Sir Toby*, for this time, he has been lately very useful.

Sir J. Aery. By your leave, Geddemme, I'll tell my own Merits. You must know then, *Bellamour* has been here; poor Fellow, how we rally'd him; never was Dog with a Bottle at his Tail so persecuted: For as you know, and as all the Town knows, for if 'twere a Secret no body should know, and how it came not to be a Secret, Geddemme if I know; for upon these occasions I am always Mum; ——— but Women, beged, are strange indiscreet Things, and a Man can't be always stopping their Mouths, Geddemme.——

Vaun. Dear Rogue, now I adore him, he speaks like an Angel, beged.

Sir J. Aery. As I was saying then, to omit all farther Tropes and Figures, Circumstance of Elocution, and Flower of Circumlocution.—— *Bellamour* is going to be married to *Lucinda*.—— Now this *Lucinda*, beged, *Vaunter* and I have had twenty times.——

Vaun. Ay, beged, a thousand, whenever we thought fit, by the great Geds and the little.

Phil. Why, you Brace of Toads, whose Breath is poyson.——

Sir Toby. Ye Vermine, that live by gnawing upon the Reputation of Ladies.——

[*They beat 'em.*

Sir J. Aery and Vaunter.] Demme, no more of these Jests, or we'll keep you Company no longer.

[*They run out.*

Phil Rascals,—— Vipers.——

How unhappy are Women, whose Fame depends on the Breath of such Fools!

Sir Toby. Rather unhappy, adzooks, for trusting their Fame with such Fools. And now, Noble Collonel, give me leave to present you to this young Friend of mine;—— a pretty Fellow, as you see, and worth a better acquaintance. This my little

little Spark of Love, is Collonel *Philabel*, a brave metled Fellow, newly arrived from *Flanders*, where he has been most Heroickly, adzooks, learning to ride — the Flying-horse in a *Dutch Troop*.

Phil. I shall be glad of your Acquaintance, Sir, and desire to be look'd upon as your Friend.

Sir Toby. Pox o' Speeches, — Kifs you Rogues, — Kissing makes the best Friends; — one Kifs is worth half a dozen Speeches; Pox o' Speeches, — would 'twere a Girl, old *Phil.* gad I'd hold the Door, tho' 'twere my own Daughter.

Ang. Well said old Iniquity. — Thou hast nick'd it, if thou knew'st all.

Phil. Now Gentlemen, that I may not be absolutely a Stranger to this Town, instruct me how this Side of the World is alter'd since I left it; What are the Diversions in Vogue? How do the Men behave themselves? And how are the Ladies to be govern'd?

Sir Toby. Why, faith, the Men are as abominable Rogues as ever, always Drunk, and always Pox'd, Legad; nothing is heard of but Tavern-brawls and Midnight Rapes and Murders; nothing to be met but Sharpers and Cullies, Pickpockets and Politicians, Cutpurses and Lawyers; Parsons that point out Roads they ne're go; Physicians that prescribe what they never take; Courtiers that promise what they never perform; Colonels that tell of Battels they never saw; Beaux that lye with Women they never could come near; Pocky Lords, Bloated Commoners, and Pale-fac'd Catamites.

Phil. Most illustriously sum'd up; — but the Women, *Sir Toby*, the Women.

Sir Toby. Why, of them too, there are of all sorts, good and bad. — Good, did I say, very few good, but very Devout, and great frequenters of *St. James's Church*; whoever goes that Road, can't fail of Heaven, at least of Heavenly Joys.

Phil. None are so Devout, I hope, as to renounce the Pleasures and Conversations of the World.

Sir Toby. No, ne'er trouble your self, the Saints themselves have failings; human Flesh is frail. So you lift up one hand to Heaven, you may lift up the Petticoat with t'other: Let their

Heads be never so full of Devotion, the Devil is sure to be in their Tails.

Phil. But which are the ways most in practice and observ'd to be most prevailing over their frailty.

Sir Toby. Why Money, adzooks, nothing like Money; be free of your Purse, and your Presents, your Settlements, and your Jointures, and you may be as free as you please, with whom you please: *All, all* are *Danaes*, by this Light; and the Golden Ravisher is never deny'd entrance.

Phil. This indeed is a great incroachment upon Love: In matters of Love, Love only should prevail.

Sir Toby. Thus we have been so long ill-us'd by the Sex: There are so many Examples of Estates Mortgag'd, and honest Fellows undone by their Treachery and Expensiveness, that we begin to leave 'em off, and resolve to stick to one another. For my own part, I am resolv'd not to care one farthing for the Sex more, not I, igad, *Bacchus* shall have all my Gold.

Phil. And *Venus* shall never starve while I can furnish her; you old Fellows always rail at Pleasures you are past. Nothing relishes when the Appetite is gone. For my part, I have quite another Idea of the Sex; at least, I will delay censuring till I have examin'd into *Lucinda's* Truth: If *Lucinda* has been false, I will then turn Railer like you, and conclude the worst of 'em all.

Ang. See here, an Informer for your purpose; — Mrs. *Placket* can give you the best Intelligence of that.

Enter Placket.

Phil. Mrs. *Placket*, I am overjoy'd to see you.

Plack. Mr. *Philabel*, you are welcome from the Wars. My young Lady is distracted to see you; — she has been in such frights for you, poor thing, — but was overjoy'd to hear how well you carried your self in the last Battle. —

Sir Toby. How well his Horse carri'd him, adzooks, thou mean'st.

Plack. This Note will better inform you. [Delivers a Note.]

Phil. Reads.]

Phil. Reads.] Be not surpriz'd at any Discourse you may hear of me in the Town: I am the same you left me, and shall be pleas'd to find no Alteration in you. If you think it worth your while, you may see me this Afternoon at my Aunts.

Ang. aside.] Lucinda returning to an old Lover; — that's good news. — Now for some trick to secure the Aunt against Bellamour; — but that one shove more, and Fortune I adore thee.

Phil. If this Kindness is sincere, why was Bellamour so well receiv'd in my absence?

Plack. Why don't you know that the best receiv'd are seldom the most welcome, and that the Civilities a Woman shews in publick to one Man, are only to cover private Familiarities with another?

Phil. And my Lady Dorimen, we may have leave to wait upon her too?

Plac. Yes; this is her Day.

Phil. Her Day! for what?

Plack. Why to receive Visits: All your great Ladies keep their days for Visitants.

Sir Toby. And so by laying apart one Day for publick Ceremony, all the rest of the Week is secur'd for private Intrigue.

Phil. The Men and Women all visit the same day?

Plack. They have different Methods; my Lady has days apart. This is her day for the Men.

Phil. Very fine. And so we visit as we go into the Bagnio, where the Men and Women have their particular days of admittance.

Sir Toby. And find hotter Work in some of their Ruels, ad-zooks, than in any Bagnio in Town. — What think you Mrs. Placket of my young Friend here? he's most desperately in Love with my Lady Dorimen.

Plack. That's desperate indeed: Alas, such little Gentlemen may pass upon unexperienc'd Persons; but Widows have Beef-stomacks, such a Chick is not half a mouthful. — The French-

man is now dressing my Lady's Head ; he has been yet but two hours about it, in two more you may make your Visit ; till when, Gentlemen, your Servant, I will be sure to make all your Complements.

Phil. Fare ye well good Mrs. *Placket*. [Exit *Placket*.
Now let's adjourn to some Place, where I may cast this filthy Camp-Coat, take one encouraging Glass, and then for Love and the Ladies.

Sir Toby. I'll go before, taste some Wine, and bespeak a relishing Bit.

Phil. Thus Heroe-like, we from the Wars remove,
To crown our Toils, and still that Crown is Love.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T the Third.

S C E N E I.

Lady Dorimen at her Toilette. A Frenchman dressing her Head. Women with Indian Silks, and China Ware. Page, and Waiting-Women knotting Fringe.

Frenchman. **O** N E, two, tree Story more, begar, and dat be ver vell.

Lad. Dor. Not quite so high, Monsieur, I shan't be able to get into my Chair, nor my Coach; nor come in, or go out at doors, without leaving some of my Head behind me.

Frenchman. Dat be no my fault begar: me no make de shaire, nor de coche, nor de dore: me drefs de Head, and me mos show all mine arts. Parbleu, let de dam Bricklaer Englise make de house fit for de Ladies head: me no make de Head for de house.

Lad. Dor. My Head's in your hands, do with it as you please.

Frenchman. Me doe defy de valet de Chambre of de vole Christen World, to ajuste de Commode, ty de Fontange, handle de Petticoate, or put on de Smock begar——

Lad. Dor. You think your self in your own Country, the *Englisch* Ladies don't give so great Privileges.

Frenchman. Ha! Ha! Dat be ver good Jest—Parbleu, now we be come to de Englis Head, Ve shall soon come to de——
Ay, begar, dat Ve shall.

Enter

Enter Plackett.

Plack. *Sir Toby*, Madam is coming up: All your Visitants will be here before your *Frenchman* will have done.

Frenchman. Patience, Patience. Me bot ajoute de Jardinier, and de Sortis, and put on de Affassinat, and me make done.

Lad. Dor. Pray dispatch.

Frenchman. 'Tis make don: And now, begar, der be no Lady in *France* nor *England* more *Propre* — Parbleu, your Ladyship be de ver beautiful Lady; de *Engliss* Lady be ver handsom, begar.

Lad. Dor. Your Ten Guinea's are upon the Table.

Frenchman. Ah! Madam — *Votre tres humble Valeet* — De honour of serving de *Engliss* Lady, be more dan de profit — [*Aside.*] Now, begar, me vill go into *Hollande*, and make de Farce of de *Engliss* Lady vid deir greate Top-Knot; me have got deir mony, and now me vill laugh at dem vid all mine 'earts. Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Exit Frenchman.*

First Ind. Woman. Pray be pleas'd, Madam, to order us to be paid before *Sir Toby* comes up.

Second Ind. Woman. We had rather lose our money, than be expos'd to his foul-mouth'd Raillery.

Enter Sir Toby.

		<i>Th' adorning thee with so much Art,</i>
<i>Sir Toby re-</i>	}	<i>Is but a barbarous Skill:</i>
<i>peating.</i>		<i>'Tis like the poys'ning of a Dart,</i>
		<i>Too ap't before to kill.</i>

What! adzooks, always these Pedlars at your Toilette.

Ind. Women. Pedlars! adzooks, no more than your Worship's a Pimp, if you go to that.

Sir

Sir Toby. The Orange Women swear they'll pull you to pieces, since a Note in a Tea-Pot is found more secure, than at the bottom of a Basket of Fruit.

Ind. Women. That's your Worship's quarrel to us : you'd have no body seduc'd but by your self——Pray, Madam, bid Mrs. Plackett pay us.

Lad. Dor. Give them their money——But hark' ye, Mrs. Fannoway, for the future, be sure you bring me right *Indian*, I abominate your *Dutch* Trumpery.

Ind. Women. God bless your Honour, we will Madam.

[*Exeunt Indian Women with their Bundles.*

Lady Dor. Bring *Sir Toby* a Chair——and wait within call.

[*Sir Toby sits, then speaks.*

Sir Toby. Your Piquette Friend will be here instantly, Madam, according to your direction : He is already so charm'd with your Ladyship, that if you are not merciful in time, his heart will break, quite break ; poor thing, he is just at the point of death.

Lad. Dor. 'Tis much for a Lady's Honour to have a Lover die.

Sir Toby. True, Madam ; but then let those die you don't care for : Tho' it may be for your Glory to triumph over some, yet for your Pleasure you shou'd be kind to others——And this is the prettiest loving little Rogue——Adzooks 'twere a thousand Pities to let him come to any harm.

Lad. Dor. But suppose he shou'd be one of those modest Fools, (for he is very young, *Sir Toby*) who tho' they are never so much in Love, yet have not the courage to speak out their minds.

Sir Toby. Why suppose he shou'd, why then you must take some opportunity to squeeze him by the hand ; or by some fly Insinuation with your eyes, inform him that he need fear nothing. Or what if you shou'd speak first, is any thing more common ? Besides, when Women through Decency, as they call it, are silent ; and Men through fear, how the Devil shall they ever come together ? If you observe your Spark to be bold and undertaking, then indeed you may seem shy ; but if he is timorous, and under any awe, you must do something to give him

him Courage, or you spoil all. Come, come, adzooks, the Women of this Age are not to be taught these *Lessons*.

Lad. Dor. Fy ! I blush for the Follies of my Sex.

Sir Toby. Blushing do's infinitely become your Ladyship— Then there is the Secret of Secrets, the Never-failing Elixir of Love ———

Lad. Dor. Hold, hold, *Sir Toby* ——— may it become my Modesty to hear it?

Sir Toby. Adzooks, I don't know what your Modesty may be; but if 'tis so troublesome, I can hold my Tongue.

Lad. Dor. No, no, speak; you'r too well bred, to say any thing you shou'd not.

Sir Toby. Then this mighty Secret is Keeping. The Men naturally love receiving better than paying; and since some great Ladies of late have us'd them to it, it is with great difficulty that they part with their very Halfcrown, or give the poor Chambermaid her Fee.

Lad. Dor. A Woman, and Keep ! O hideous !

Sir Toby. Ay, igad, or resolve to lie alone. Why yonder's my Lady *Homely*, 'tis hard to remember when she was young, and yet her doors are always blockt up with Coaches and Chairs; whil'st in the mean time my Lady *Lovely* scarce receives a Visit from morning to night, and yet is the most beautiful Woman in Town.

Lad. Dor. And what say you is the Reason of this?

Sir Toby. The Reason is plain: The first gives to her Gallants, what the other reserves for a Portion for a Daughter, or bestows in charitable Uses to the Poor. Besides, it has been always the fashion for great Ladies when they are a little turn'd of their Prime; and your Ladyship is too considerable to be out at any thing that's a fashion.

Lad. Dor. 'Tis true, a Woman of Quality shou'd be in all the Fashions: But pray inform me, how is this Keeping? Do Men of Quality take Money? Or is it by Presents of Jewels, and such things?

Sir Toby. Nothing like ready Money, adzooks. A thousand Guinea's in ready Cash, tickles a young Fellow beyond a Jewel
of

of twice the value: Not but that a Jewel now and then by the by, is a pretty Provocative; but however a settled Quarteridge is necessary.

Lad. Dor. I protest you are a very Learned Person.

Sir Toby. Besides the standing Pension, there must be an allowance too for Extraordinaries: for Example; for Balls at Court, and publick appearances of that kind. At such times, I say, the Courtiers will give themselves to the Devil for a little money, especially in hard times, when Salaries are ill paid.

Lad. Dor. *Sir Toby* you have convinc'd me; but yet there remains a main Point to be consider'd, which is, how to impose upon the Town. This Town is a prying malicious place; as long as the Town do's not talk, our Honour is safe; and as long as our Honour is safe, there's no harm done: for 'tis a receiv'd Maxim among us Ladies, That 'tis the Talk, and not the Intrigue, that's the Crime.

Sir Toby. The way to keep the Town Civil, is to be openly Scandalous and Lewd. We never talk out of Aver-sion to the Guilty, but Spight to the Innocent; and care not to expose those who do Ill, but defame those who do Well. Believe me, the only way to gain an ill Reputation, is to live Chaste; the Town abhors Modesty and Virtue, but Impudence and Vice are its inseparable Companions: Be as wicked as you please, the Town will never expose a Friend.

Enter Page.

Page. There's below a young Gentleman desires to speak with
Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. I come instantly——

[*Exit Page.*

'Tis our Spark, Madam——I'll go down to him, and keep him in discourse 'till you are quite ready.

F

Lad. Dor.

Lad. Dor. *Sir Toby* your Servant, I'll endeavour to profit by your wise Lecture. [*Exit Sir Toby.*]

[*Rises from her Toilette.*]

Plackett, give me one of my last new Fans——No——another; one that has the right Flirt, and rides with an Air. Ay, this without Nudities.

Plack. The Gentleman will be Impatient.

Lad. Dor. I go : Is every thing as it shou'd be?

Plack. Most exact, Madam.

Lad. Dor. And d'e hear?

[*Whispers.*]

Plack. Who? *Sir John Aery*, and *Mr. Vaunter*, I think you call'd 'em; I will not fail, Madam.

Lad. Dor. This young Thing will want Helps.

Plack. And Fools have an old Saying of their side, which makes 'em so welcom.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda, and Constantia
seeming in Courtship with all Four.

Constantia repeating:

Joy salutes me when I set

My blest Eyes on Amoret;

But with Wonder I am struck,

When I on the Others look.

And

And how is it possible to chuse one; when all are engaging alike? If at any time I seem enclin'd to the Prudence and nice Honour of *Diana*, the Gaiety and lively Humour of *Melissa* comes in view, and with-holds me. And when *Melissa* gets ground, strait *Dorinda* interposes with her admirable Shape and Mien: And so on to the charming *Miranda*, who, with a Song, can turn my fleeting heart which way she pleases.

Mir. Sure *Cupid* shot you with a Blunderbuss, four such dreadful Wounds cou'd never be made with a Dart.

Mel. Phoo, 'tis the usual Ceremony of all Men, to carry themselves equal to the whole Company; if he had us single, we shou'd soon know his mind.

Dia. Really my Sister has observ'd with great Prudence: It is likely the Gentleman wou'd be particular, if we were single: Pray Sisters retire, and leave us alone.

Dor. Fy, Sister, sure your nice Honour wou'd not permit you to be left alone with a Man.

Mel. I was the first who propos'd the Expedient, and will be the first to have the benefit of it.

Dia. Really you are very confident; sure there is some Respect due to your eldest Sister.

Mel. You might have spar'd the remembrance of your age for your own sake.

Const. Pray, Ladies, let not this Debate go any further, I have found out an Expedient to close all. Come in with me, and I will seal up four Notes, giving one to each of you, three being Blanks, and the fourth my Determination; which you shall deliver, as soon as I am gone from you, to your Brother, who shall tell you my mind, sparing me the confusion.

Dia. No, No; since I have once said it, Mr. Courtall, really I will be left alone with you.

Const. Pray, Madam, consent to what I have propos'd.

[*Aside to her.*]

You are certain to be my Choice.

Mel. I say again——

Const. Dear *Melissa* be contented.

[*Aside to her.*]

They shall all have Blanks but you.

Dor. For my part I consent to leave you together: Elder-ship may be a Plea for Respect, but 'tis a very bad one for Love.

Const. Peace, good *Dorinda*, and agree to my Method.

[*Aside to her.*]

The Benefit Ticket shall be yours.

Mir. I am clearly for his Opinion in writing, 'tis much the surest way, and not to be retracted.

Const. Most charming *Miranda* a thousand Acknowledgments.

[*Aside to her.*]

You only are the *Venus* among these Goddesses, the Prize of Beauty shall be yours.

[*Aloud.*]

Now Ladies let's in, and proceed to Election; sure no Lover since *Paris* was ever so put to it in his Choice.

How hardly do's this Tyrant Custom bind?

Forc'd to chuse One, to All alike inclin'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lady

Lady Dorimen, Angelica, Lucinda, and Philabel all seated.

S O N G in Dialogue.

Thirsis. **D**ELIA, how long must I despair,
And tax you with Disdain?
Still to my tender Love severe,
Relentless to my Pain.

Delia. *When Men of equal Merit love us,*
And do with equal Ardor sue;
 Thirsis you know but one must move us,
Can I be your's and Strephon's too?

My ravish'd Eyes view both with Pleasure,
Impartial to your high desert;
To both alike Esteem I measure,
To one alone can give my Heart.

Thirsis. *Mysterious Guide of Inclination,*
Tell me Tyrant, why am I
With equal Merit, equal Passion,
Thus the Victim chosen to dye?
Why am I
The Victim chosen to dye?

Delia. *On Fate alone depends Success,*
And Fancy Reason over-rules;
Or why should Virtue ever miss
Reward, so often given to Fools.

'Tis not the Handsome, nor the Witty;
But who alone is born to please:
Love do's predestinate our pity;
We chuse but whom he first decrees.

Ang. The Words, Ladies, are my own; pray, your Opinion.

Lady Dor. You are a Wit then.

Ang. O! we are all Wits. Pray, Madam, by what celebrated Wits are you visited? for there is no way to establish a Reputation like being a Patron to Men of Parts.

Lady Dor. I love Men of Parts mightily: A Man without Parts is a strange Monster. I have some that are pretty constant Visitants; for Example, the Translator's of *Plutarch's Lives*, *Juvenal's Satyr*. —

Ang. Foh, a Lady, and converse with *Greek* and *Latin* Wits. No, give me your Wits of the Town, who are above Learning; your Wits of Quality that can scarce Write or Read; your Lampoon-wits.

Phil. Bold Rogues, that spare nothing that's sacred, not even the Majesty of Kings; that can make Black, White; and White, Black. Take away the Reputation of the chastest Woman, and give it to the lewdest Prostitute. Call the Man of Sense, a Fool. And the Man of Honour, a Coward. Make Religion, Apostacy. And sanctify Rebellion and Parricide. Whose only Topicks are Scandal, Sedition, and Blasphemy. And all they contend for, but who shall be the greatest Rascal, and tell the most plausible Lye behind a Man's back.

Lady Dor. However, I know some certain Ladies, who think themselves neglected, to be left out of a Lampoon; and are proud to have their Names publish'd, and to be known, and enquir'd after by the whole Town.

Ang. to Lucind. Pray, Madam, did you never write?

Lucin. Who, I, Sir! 'tis not a Talent for a Woman.

Phil. And why not for a Woman, — Madam? An Evenings Exercise at Crambo, to get the knack of Rhyming, is all that's necessary; 'tis no matter for Sense, who cares for Sense?

Ang. Besides there are no pains requir'd, as is plain, for when we take all the pains in the World, 'tis just the same thing, we write never the better.

Lady Dor. Mr. *Philabel* you us'd to have good Intelligence ; what new Diversions are preparing for the Town?

Phil. The newest thing that I know of, is a Dictionary that's preparing for the Press, at the desire of a certain great Lady, to suit our Language to the Modesty of the fair Sex, and to castrate the immodest Syllables in such Words as begin and end obscenely.

Lucinda. Fy, *Philabel*, was ever such an extravagance.

Lady Dor. I vow, a very decent design ; I have been strangely put out of countenance my self at the beginning and conclusions of some certain words.

Phil. There is likewise a Cabal of Ladies, who meet daily for the Reformation of good Manners. Another great Grievance is the Nudities upon Fans worse than the Postures of a *Venetian-Snuff-box*.

Lady Dor. I know a Lady, that shall be nameless, whose Fans are always painted with filthy naked Boys, and yet for the World, she would not be perswaded to be seen in *Chelsea-Reach* upon a Summers Evening.

Phil. Likewise, Madam, a Poet is to lose his Maidenhead to day upon the Stage.—

Lady Dorimen. Lord ! Mr. *Philabel*, what do you mean ?

Phil. Nothing, Madam, but that there is a new Play to be acted. A young Fellow has been drawn in to play the Fool without any necessity for it.

Ang. How comes your Ladyship not to be there ? You would see rare sport ; there is a Party already engaged to cry it down.

Lucin. How ! engag'd to cry down a Play before they knew whether it's good or bad.

Phil. O, no matter for that. I'll tell you their Method ; they spread themselves in Parties all over the House ; some in the Pit ; some in the Boxes, others in the Galleries, but principally on the Stage ; they Cough, Sneeze, talk Loud, and break silly Jest ; sometimes Laughing, some-

sometimes Singing, sometimes Whistling, till the House is in an Uproar; some Laugh and Clap; some Hiss and are Angry; Swords are drawn, the Actors interrupted, the Scene broken off, and so the Play's sent to the Devil.

Lucin. A very compendious Method.

Phil. A new Play never wants Enemies. *First*, All your discontented Poets who have been ill-us'd themselves, are glad of a new Companion; then your Criticks that had not the Reading of the piece before 'twas given to the House, are sure to Censure severely, to be reveng'd for their neglected Judgments. And *lastly*, All your drest Beaux, who revenge upon the Innocent Play the injuries they receive from the Crowd, as the ruffling their Crevats, disordering their Perukes, and the Sweat that gets the ascendant of their Essence and *Polville*.

Lady Dor. A very rational Account. I confess, I have often wonder'd at the ill Success of some Plays.

Ang. Now I think on't, Madam, I have waiting below some Dancers, that I brought hither for your Ladyship's Entertainment; they shall show you a Dance that a Friend of mine has compos'd for his Mistress.

Lucin. How, Sir, compos'd for a Mistress! I have heard of Songs compos'd for a Mistress; but a Dance is extremely new.

Phil. 'Tis fit, Madam, that some new ways should be invented to engage the Ladies; 'tis dull to tread always in the same path. And nothing is found so prevailing as these mute Accomplishments. Writing, and saying fine things, have given place to the Caper, the Flute, and the Voice.

Lucin. Some Fool, who had no other way of prevailing, was certainly the first that introduc'd those effeminate Accomplishments.

Phil. Right, Madam, and 'twas as necessary, as for those who have ill Smells, to keep up the fashion of perfumes. —

Ang. Or, as for Ladies with Pimplesto encourage Patching.

L. Dor. Pray let us see the Dance.

(they all rise.)

Ang. Hey ! Enter Dance.

Phil. Where are these *Balladins*?

Dance.

Ang. And will not this carry the Lady, d'ye think?

L. Dor. Very Passionate indeed. There are some certain motions in Dancing, extreamly Pathetick and Expressive.

Enter Sir Toby and Bellamour.

Sir Toby. You see Madam, I am come again ; I am a Man of my word.

L. Dor. You are always so——*Mr. Bellamour*, your Servant. Wou'd you had both come looner, to have seen the Dance.

Ang. Let not that trouble you, Madam ; they are my Friends and at my Devotion, and shall renew the Entertainment, since it proves agreeable to you. Ladies and Gentlemen, the'tother cast of your Office if you please.

(To the Singers and Dancers.)

S O N G.

SO well *Corinna* likes the Joy,
 She Vows, she'll never more be Coy.
 She Drinks Eternal Draughts of Pleasure,
 Eternal Draughts do not suffice ;
 Ah ! Give me, give me more, she Cryes,
 'Tis all too little Measure.

Be wise ye Fair, let Scruples die,
 For who but Fools would Pleasure fly,
 Like *Corinna*, when you've tasted,
 You'll repent that e'er you fasted.

Dance.

Sir Toby. Very fine, extreamly fine — *Mr. Bellamour* and *I* Madam, met at the Door, having both the same Design of waiting on your Ladyship. *Sir Toby* says he, be pleased to go before, I wait on you: *Mr. Bellamour*, says I, after you is Manners. Pray, Sir, says he, give me leave; by no means, Sir, said I again: And then said he, and then said I, till at last, begad, we both came in together, and Adzookers, I have almost squeez'd off the bottom of my Belly — Pox of Compliments and strait Doors.

Ang. aside. Now aid me all the Arts of Woman-kind, Revenge and Jealousie, till I have vext the Traytor's Heart, as He has abus'd mine.

I wonder, *Sir Toby*, you shou'd be so Ceremonious, with one to whom you ought to be a sworn Enemy. I cannot with Patience suffer my Friend to be wrong'd, and therefore think my self oblig'd to acquaint you, that this Gentleman has injur'd you.

Bel. softly to him. Hark ye, Sir —

Ang. No, no, all shall out, unless you ingage before all this Company, to make Reparation for the future.

Sir Toby. Hey Day! Why he never did me any injury. Adzooks, my little *Ganimesd's* in the Clouds.

Ang. I'll tell you then in short —

Bel. softly. Hold, or by Heaven —

Ang. Nay, no threats nor no Whispering. This Gentleman, *Sir Toby*, some time since, made pretensions to your Daughter, as now Madam, he does to your Neice; but not Pretensions that were dishonourable, but confirm'd by Vows and Oaths, till she yielded, at last, to be privately Contracted.

L. Dor. How! Contracted!

Luc. Base Man.

Bel. Pray harken not to what he says; this is the strangest Extravagance.

Bel. No, no, pray let's hear all.

Bel. to Ang. Damme, Sir, this Fooling shan't pass a word with you.

Ang.

Ang. No Bribes, no Bribes.

Luc. This must be true, he is so Concern'd.

Bell. As I hope to be fav'd, Madam——

Phil. No Swearing, dear Sir, it will Offend the Ladies.

Bell. Damn Swearing, Sir——

L. Dor. and Luc. No quarrelling here, I beseech you, Gentlemen.

Bell. I remember indeed, a Lady whom I us'd to Visit in the Countrey; and I confess, Sir, your Daughter I think she was.

Sir Toby. O was she so, Sir; a Damn'd Villanous Whoring Rogue, this.

Bell. Some words of Gallantry perhaps might escape me or a little Love in Jest, to pass the time: Or suppose it in Earnest; sure we may have leave to change once in our Lives; Saints are allow'd it in Religion, when they are Convinc'd of a better.

Sir Toby. But you shall not be allow'd it, Sir, pray don't mistake me, tho' I am an old lewd Dog, yet I have some Notions Adzooks, that are not amiss: How many Drunken Blaspheming Rascals venture their Lives every Day for Religion, and yet know nothing of any Religion. And so Sir, in short, tho' I may be a dishonour my self to my Family, Adzooks, I'll die to maintain the Honour of it.

Bell. I made no Promises, but what were meant in Jest: Vows and Oaths in Love, are like Counters at Play, we set up with 'em, but ne'er mind them when the Games over.

Luc. I am glad I know the value of yours, a very decent Declaration.

L. Dor. If Contracts might be made and broken, as Men change their Affections, Poor Women are like to be happy: Barbarous Ungrateful Creature, let me never see your Face again in my House——Oh! I can't endure him.

Ang. aside. Victoria, Victoria——the Day's my own, and the Enemy is beaten from his hold.

Luc. Such Perjury is never to be Pardon'd. (*aside*) O happy Accident! I wanted some decent pretence to get rid of him, and Fortune has help'd me.

Bell. All things are Faults to those, who seek to find 'em : 'Tis you are Perjur'd, and not I, after having sworn to you ; had I engag'd in a new Passion, then I had been false. Now if I am false, 'tis for your sake ; 'tis you that made me so, whatever I have been to others, to you my Faith has been inviolable.

Luc. Who can be false to one, 'tis violently to be suspected will be so to another, whenever his Pleasure or his Interest tempts him.

Bell. Confess the truth, and lay aside disguise ; impute not to me your Crimes ; this Airy, Smooth, Conceited Coxcomb, this Woman's Fool here, has workt into your Heart, and shov'd me out ; this lucky Robber, in some wanton moment came, and rifled all the Treasure, whilst I, a poor precarious Beggar, ne'er could get the least unvalued Trifle. Gods! Gods! what Appetites have Women, and who can fix 'em? Now for Men of Sense, and now for Coxcombs ; and every thing is refus'd or goes down, just as the Minute is, that we lay hold of.

(*Omnes.*) Ha, ha, ha.

(*All Laugh.*)

Bell. What could you see in this puny Effeminate thing, to Charm you? He can Sing and Dance, Play on the Flute, and Fiddle, there's Woman's Vanity again: She never sees a soft Affected Ass, but she is pleased with the reflection of her own Follies, and admires her self in every Fop, that like a Glass shows her the Image of her own Mind.

Phil. You are Rude, Sir.

Bell. Rude, Sir!

Phil. Ay, Rude Sir, that's English.

Bell. You are an Ass, Sir: Or is it your Soldier here, that Charms you? your Colonel! O how that sounds to please a Ladies Ear! Is it his Red Coat, or his Hoboyes that take you most? what Wounds has he to show you? what Deeds in Battle to describe? what Dangers? he has seen a Siege thro' a Prospective Glass —

L. Dor. I can endure this odious Railer no longer ; his Noise is got up into my Head ——— let us go in and leave this Wrangler to Rave by himself..

(*Ang.*)

Ang. We wait on your Ladyship.

Bell. (*to Ang.*) I shall find a time, Sir, I shall, to thank you for your good Offices.

Ang. Whenever you please, Sir.

Phil. (*to Bell.*) I shall find a time, Sir, to call you to an Account in another place.

Bell. What place you please, Sir.

Sir Toby. (*to Bell.*) I shall take an occasion, I shall Sir, Adzooks, to make you repent putting your Town Tricks upon Country Girls.

Luc. Mr. *Bellamour*, can't you compose your self enough to go in and Play a Pool with us.

Bell. I will wish you some Luck, Madam. May you be always Flatter'd, and always Loose; may you never think you have a sure Game, but be disappointed by a better.

Luc. A little *Hellebore* would do the Gentleman no harm.

Sir Toby. Straw, Straw, and a Dungeon; Adzooks the Man's stark Mad. (*Exeunt leaving Bellamour.*)

Bell. Mankind from Adam, have been Women's Fools;

Women from Eve, have been the Devil's Tools:

Heaven might have spar'd one Torment when we fell,

Not left us Woman, or not threatned Hell!

(*Exit.*)

A C T.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, Surrounded by His Sisters, viz. Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Dian. **R**ead mine, they are all Blanks but mine.
Mel. I say, her's is a Blank. Read mine.

Dor. and Mir. They are all Blanks but mine.

Fred. What? are you all mad! give me your Notes in Peace and I'll read 'em, else I am gone.

All Women. Well then, here take 'em.

Fred. So: Let none interrupt me; but whose soever the lot is, let the rest be contented and Silent.

(opens a note and reads it.)

Melissa is beauty — ful —

Mel. I told you so, I knew 'twas I, you need read no farther.

Fred. Good Sister, forbear.

Reads.) *Dorinda* is good humour —

Dor. That's I.

Fred. Patience.

Reads.) *Miranda* is Charming to admiration.

But it is *Diana* that is adorable, and has my Heart.

Speaks.) Let none reply *Diana's* is the lot.

Mel. *Diana's* is a Cheat, a Counterfeit; he vow'd to me he cou'd not endure her.

Fred. We are to stand to what he has written. You may take back your notes, we need read no more.

Mel. I say, my Sister *Dy's*, is all Forgery.

Dia. I say you are a confident Creature.

Fred. interposing. Sisters, this is misbecoming all modesty.

Melissa, be satisfy'd! there are more Men besides *Courtall*.

Dor. Dear Brother, open the rest of our Notes for our common satisfaction; *Courtall* told me, all should be Blanks but mine.

Mir.

Mir. So he told me.

Fred. Any thing for peace. This *Melissa* I think is yours.
Reads.) *Diana* is discreet ——— *Dorinda*, &c. *Miranda*, &c.
(as before,) but *Melissa* only has my heart.

Speaks.) How *Diana*! is it true then, that yours was forg'd?
Melissa, be happy, the lot is yours.

Dia. I say, 'tis she has forg'd, and not I. Let me tear her
 Eyes out for this trick.

Fred. No more, I entreat you ——— I suspect a trick; I'll
 read the rest. *(Reads the other two notes to himself.)*

How? Why in these he declares for *Dorinda* and *Miranda*:
 this is all a trick.

Dor. to Mir. Sister, I begin to suspect this *Courtall*. Let
 us be no more seen in this business.

Mir. to Dor. The Imprudence of my Sisters, may be an
 example for us to be wise.

Fred. 'Tis plain, *Courtall* has abus'd us all, but be you ad-
 vis'd, and I'll be reveng'd? I love his Sister, but not above
 the Honour of my Family. I'll instantly find him out, and
 teach the young Impostor, what it is to play with the Re-
 putation of Ladies, or fool with a man of Honour. Be at
 peace among your selves, and all shall be well. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Angelica and Constantia.

Ang. *Victoria, Victoria*, turn'd out of doors, quite discar-
 ded; ha, ha, ha. To have seen how he storm'd and Hector'd,
 twould have made thee die with Laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Conf. 'Twas most Heroically perform'd indeed.

Ang. He swore I must give him satisfaction, and by Hea-
 ven I am ready, when ever he dares demand it.

Conf. How! ready to fight with him! what, fight with
 a man?

Ang. Yes, Conquer him too; lay him groveling at my
 Feet, Panting, and not able to stir a Limb.

Conf. The Truth is, that may be done, but how will you
 lay your Widow Panting?

Ang. That indeed, is now my hardest task. And pray,
 how

How will you come of with your Virgins.

Conf. That's to be thought of too. I'll go consider on't.
You are bound for other Adventures, and so good night.
(*Exit Constantia.*)

Enter Sir Toby, Philabell, Women and Musick.

Sir Toby spying Ang. My little Cupid, turn'd wanderer of
Darkness, A Night Rover, An Eve-dropper under his Mis-
tress's Window: Nay then thou'rt in indeed; there's no such
infallible sign of a Lover.

Phil. A Lover can no more go to bed, without easing his
heart in sighs under his Mistress's Window, then without
comforting it afterwards with a Bottle.

Sir Toby. Behold, Lover, to your sighs I have brought a
Song, 't shall pass for thy Serenade, to my Lady *Dorimen*,
Hey Myrmidons strike up.

S O N G.

While Phillis is Drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance
With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance,
By the touch of her Lips, the Wine sparkles higher,
And her Eyes from her drinking, redouble their fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As Flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh odour:
His dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor like Oyl, makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd, by Love and Desiring:
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.

Then Phillis, begin; let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss, and a Glass be still going round:
Our Joies are Immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

Sir

Sir Toby takes Angelica about the Neck and Kisses her.

Sir Toby singing). *And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round.*

Ang. Sir Toby, you Kiss in anothers wrong: all my kisses are bespoke for to Night. See what a dreadful challenge my Lady Dorimen put into my hand at parting.

Sir Toby reads.) *You may Wonder at the confidence I have in you, upon so short an acquaintance. Think it not an effect of my easiness, but your own Merit. You will be welcome to Night at my own house at ten.*

Ang. Ten is the lucky hour Sir Toby: if you have any thing to Command, speak, I must give the Signal

(Knocks at the Door.

Enter Placket.

Plac. O, are you come; follow me, and be sure you make no noise.

Ang. I know how to behave my self upon these occasions.

Plac. 'Tis not the first time you have practis'd.

Sir Toby. Nor you neither, good Mrs. Placket; you both know your Trades.

Plac. Are you there, then we shall never have done. Come, come your ways. *(Exeunt Ang. and Plac.*

Phil. These young Smock-fac'd fellows, Sir Toby, carry all before 'em. Brave Warriours and Men of Sense, Besiege ten years in vain, the Beast prevails in a night.

Sir Toby. The truth is, Women have deprav'd Appetites; but here's my comfort still—— *(Embracing a Wench. Fox of Quality —— Give me an obedient Jade, without forms of Ceremonies. Hark ye Colonel these are most of 'em my own Flesh and Blood, begotten by my Iniquity, and bred up for my Iniquity. The Great Turk has not a better Seraglio.*

Phil. Not such a Seraglio indeed.

Sir Toby. But why loiter we here? yonder's a Tavern, what sayest thou, Lad, to a quart of Canary before we sleep. Hey! Cats Guts strike up. *Jenny, Gipsy, Judith——yee Jezebels follow me all.*

Sings.) Our Joys are Immortal, &c. (Exeunt Musick playing

S C E N E of a Bed-chamber.

Lady Dorimen in her Night-dress, and Angelica.

La. Dor. I blush exceedingly, to see my self alone with a Man; for tho' your coming is upon an innocent account, yet there is room for a Scandalous interpretation: but I hope you are too civil a Gentleman to take the Advantage of being alone with a Lady in her Bed-chamber.

Ang. Let my Transports express——

La. Dor. O fie, methinks you'r very forward: who could have imagin'd it from one so young.

Ang. Pardon me, Madam, if too much eagerness to express the sense of your favours——

La. Dor. Frighten me so no more. And on that condition I give you leave to sit down by me.

(Takes Angelica by the Hand.)

Ang. Ah, Madam — you squeeze my hand too hard.

La. Dor. You are so tender.

Ang. You are so killing, the least touch goes to the Soul. What a Complexion! What Eyes!

L. Dor. Don't you look so upon me; I never lookt so ill in my life. I hate you should look upon me so——I am quite out of order to night.

Ang. You never were so Charming.

L. Dor. You are the strangest Man.

Ang. Pray, Madam, give me leave to see——

L. Dor. See! Pray what wou'd you see?

Ang. Your Neck, Madam, that I may vindicate you from the Aspersions of the World, that says it is not of the same Complexion with your face.

L. Dor. The World is a Malitious ill-natur'd impertinent World.

Ang. And you the most invincible temptation in it. Am I Flesh and Blood——am I a Man Madam——

L. Dor.

L. Dor. I vow, Sir, I can't tell. But I hope you mean to be Civil.

Ang. repeats.)

*And why this niceness to a Pleasure shown,
Where Nature Sums up all its Joys in one.*

But since you will have it so, I must submit. I may perhaps, have been too far transported, but I hope your Ladiship's goodness, will excuse the violence of a Passion that was not to be with-held.

L. Dor. I must needs say, any one in your place would have offer'd as much, and perhaps more: for who cou'd have imagin'd, that such an Assignment was contriv'd for nothing but a little discourse? besides, 'tis natural enough to suspect, that all this great care that I have taken to forbid, was meant only to mind you of what else you might be too backward to undertake: and I know it to be a Maxim among Men, that Women are angry to be always obey'd, and that our first refusals are necessary to decency, and proceed only from a little Customary formality, and not from any real dis--like. But you, I perceive, are none of those ———

Ang. Who I? Heav'ns forbid ———

(Removes her Chair farther off, Lady Dorimen following.)

L. Dor. The Men, I say, of this age, for the most part, are bold and undertaking, in the *Tête a Tête*, as they call it, and when the Chambermaid's sent away, and a Bed in the Room, they think they may venture on any thing.

*Angelica continues to get farther off,
Lady Dorimen gets closer and closer.*

Ang. Excuse me, Madam, you shall find me none of those impudent intruders, of whom you complain. I must needs condemn the forwardness of those men, who are still encroaching upon the modesty of the Ladies: and would not for the World offend against the respect that is due to you.

L. Dor. I only say 'tis the way of most Men. But I am convinc'd you are none of those.

Ang. Heavens forbid, Madam, that I should be any thing that were displeasing to your Ladiship.

L. Dor. *aside.* Provoking Ignorance! What shall I do to
H 2 be

be understood? I have thought of a way——

(*Falls back in her Chair, as going into a Swoon.*

Oh I feel a sudden swimming in my Eyes, and trembling in my Limbs, it comes all over me, Help, help, help, Oh, oh.

Ang. I'll run and call for help.

(*Lady Dorimen takes fast hold of her.*

L. Dor. Call no body, you may do it your self; Oh, oh! you may do it your self.

Ang. (*aside.* What the Devil does she mean——

L. Dor. Oh, oh.

Ang. Let me go, Madam, and call your Maid, for some cold Water to sprinkle in your Face.

L. Dor. No, do you sprinkle me, do you sprinkle me.

Ang. So I would with all my Heart, but I have nothing to do it withal——(*calls*) *Mrs. Placket, Mrs. Placket, help, your Lady's in a Fit.*

Lady Dorimen rises in a Passion, letting go her hold, enter Placket.

L. Dor. Ungrateful Man! Such insolence is unpardonable, Flesh and Blood can never forgive it.

Plack. Wicked Man! what have you been doing to my Lady?

Ang. I have been doing nothing to my Lady, she has been in a Fit.

Plack. Poor Lady; how out of Breath, she is——

I say, what have you Committed?

Ang. I say, I have Omitted——and that's it.

Bellamour's Voice within.

Bell. (within.) Where is *Lucinda*? I will see her——I will not be deny'd——

Ang. As I live, *Bellamour's Voice*——O save me, if he finds me here, I am Sacrific'd——Pity Madam, my Youth, and forgive my Ignorance——all shall be mended.

L. Dor. I pity you indeed. Run *Placket*, and stop Mr. *Bellamour*——carry him up the back-way to my Neece, and let her be sure to see him, that the Passage be clear——

Ang.

Ang. Preserve me to Night from the Fury of this incen'd Man : To morrow we may repair the time that has been lost.

L. Dor. Which we might not have lost neither——but we have been both to blame.

Ang. To Morrow all shall be mended.

L. Dor. Shall it indeed?

Ang. Upon Condition, that this *Bellamour* comes here no more ; I thought you had forbid him your House.

L. Dor. All Men you see don't mind us when we forbid. I promise you after this Night he shall never more be admitted ; my Neice shall sooner couple with a Vulture or a Bear. This interruption is new Guilt.

Ang. That is all I ask.

L. Dor. Remember then to Morrow.

Ang. By this Kiss. (*Kisses her Hand.*) (*Exit Angelica.*)

Re-enter Placket.

L. Dor. *Placket*, are the other Gentlemen here ?

Plack. They were here, Madam : And I thought I had lockt 'em up safe, but when I went to look just now, I found the Lock of the Closet Door broke, and they were gone.

L. Dor. Curst Disappointments.

Plack. The Chaplain, Madam, is not yet gone to Bed.

L. Dor. Tell him I must have Prayers presently, and bring him into my Closet ; and d'ye hear, lay the Books on the Table.

Plack. That is, the Cups and the Bottle of Orange flow'r Brandy. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lucinda and Bellamour.

Lucind. Now the Angry Fit is over, you are come to beg Pardon ; this is the Trick of you Men : You Quarrel on purpose to try, whether our Fondness is great enough, to excuse the Insolencies of your Passion, and then think to Lord it as you please.

Bell. You mistake, Madam; I come not to beg Pardon, but to take my leave: Yes, ungrateful Woman, but one last look, and then we part, never to behold each other more; let cringing Fools and base born Slaves, continue their Officiousness to those who neglect 'em: A brave Man scorns it.

Lucin. You have free Liberty to depart, and will leave no aching Hearts behind you.

Bell. 'Tis false, I know my Resolution vexes you, how'er you'd strive to Conceal it. There is never a Dissembling ill-natur'd Woman of you all, but is vext at the loss of a Lover, tho' 'tis one she hates; all are necessary for your Vanity, and your Pride, though but some are pickt for your Pleasures. But by Heaven, I scorn the Office, nor will be ty'd like a Slave to the Chariot, while others ride in it in Triumph.

Luc. Speak softly.

Bell. Would I could speak louder yet, that Heaven and Earth might witness to your Perjury. Yes, *Lucinda*, when I am again your Fool, may all the Town Laugh at me, as well as you: May I be Hooted and Pointed at for a Monster, and which would be the greatest, greatest Plague, may you Marry me, and bring forth a Bastard the next Day.

Lucin. In return to your obliging Oath, hear mine. If ever I Pardon your Ill-manner'd Outragious Carriage to Day, may I be the most Wretched, and most Infamous of Women; may all the Villanous Slanders of thy Tongue be believ'd of me; and for my Eternal Perdition, may my Ill Fate condemn me to such a Brute, as thee for my Husband.

Bell. Agreed: And therefore that I may preserve nothing which might give me the least feint remembrance of you—here, take back your Picture——this representation in little of so Faithless an Original——

(*Gazes on the Picture, e'er he delivers it.*
How beautiful it looks! Ah! *Lucinda, Lucinda*, were but thy Soul Celestial as its Frame——but that is false, a Course Deceitful dawbing, no real, but a Painted Joy, like this.

Lucin. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Then here is another Encouragement——the only one indeed, that I have under your Hand——here 'tis——

Reads.

Reads. You swear you love me, Al Bellamour! if I have not as yet an equal Passion for you, believe me, I am pleas'd w.th yours.

These were Deceits that merit this (Tears the Paper.

Lucy. (aside) I am glad to see it torn, 'twas the only Proof he had to shew against me, that I had ever any Inclination to receive his Love.

Bell. And now no more but this; O *Lucinda*! False, Ungrateful *Lucinda*, farewell for ever!

(Is going, then returns.

Lucin. A very fair Riddance ——— why do you come back?

Bell. But one word more *Lucinda*! Ah *Lucinda*! Call but to mind your former Vows, then see if your Heart can hold up to its point, and still be fixt, tho' knowing how 't has wrong'd me.

Lucin. What froward Fools are Men? Still they perplex us with ungrounded Jealousies, and affront us with vile Aspersions; yet know us at the same time, to be their Judges, and that by our Sentence 'tis, they Live or Die. No, *Bellamour*, after your Rude Behaviour to Day, never must you more expect the least appearance of Kindness from me; there is no trusting for a Husband, a Man who makes so unruly a Lover.

Bell. You wrong me, Madam, by all that's good, you do.

Lucin. No more, Mr. *Bellamour*, I'll hear no more upon this Subject. Return to your first Allegiance, you have wrong'd an Innocent Lady; think not that I'll be any longer accessory to your Perjury.

Sir John Aery, and Vaunter within.

Aery. (within) Demm'e, Madam, where are you?

Vaunter. (within.) Here are Lights, and a Door open.

They Enter.

Sir J. Aery. Beged Madam, 'tis very unconscionable to send for Gentlemen, and then make 'em wait Three Hours in the Dark.

Lucin. Insolent Fellow, who sent for you! And how got you in?
Sir

Sir J. Aery. Insolent Fellow? Demm'e, methinks she begins to be very familiar already.

Bell. You sent for them, they tell you; and I beg Pardon for having so long detain'd you from the Company you expected. Vile Woman, my resentment is now turn'd to Pity, and I blush at this Infamous Confirmation of your Wickedness.

Lucin. I rather beleive 'em Companions of your own, brought hither on purpose to put some new affront upon me.

Sir J. Aery. No, Demm'e Madam, if any thing should have brought us but your own Commands.

Vaun. Nothing beged Madam, but your Commands, and our own Inclinations.

Lucin. My Commands! Impudent Rascal———*Mr. Bellamour*, this is a part below the Character of a Man of Honour; neither am I so destitute of Friends, but you may be call'd to a severe Account for it.

Bell. I doubt not but you have Bully's at Command as well as Fools; cunning Devil! This Disguise is too affected: Thus Women always turn Accusers, when they want an Excuse.

Sir J. Aery. Hark *Vaunter*, Gedemme, we should not have own'd before *Bellamour*, that we were sent for.

Vaun. True beged——— but I'll set all right. The Truth is, Madam *Bellamour* did bid us meet him here.

Bell. I bid you come———

Sir J. Aery. Ay, Geddem me!

Vaun. Yes, Beged.

Bell. Rascals, your Tongues shall be Cut out for so damn'd a Lye.

Sir J. Aery. O Law, O Law; no, you did not bid us.

Vaun. No, no, you did not bid us.

Bell. Who sent for you?

Sir J. Aery. O Law, no body, no body, sent for us.

Vaun. We came—— beged we don't know how.

Bell. Speak the Truth, as you value your Lives.

Lucin. Speak the Truth, or it shall be Rack't out of you.

Sir J. Aery. What would you have a Man say? If we speak the

the Truth, we offend the Lady; if we Lye, Gedem m'e you'll mince us, and what the Devil shall one do?

Bell. If he speaks the Truth, he tells you 'twill offend you; Devils! Devils! What are Women? You can tell best, they are so like you.

Vaun. O *Aery*, this is the Dam'st Bawdy House that e'er I came in, in my Life.

Lucin. Who's within there —— call up the Servants—— I will make Examples of these Fellows, or know the Truth.

Bell. Give not your self unnecessary trouble; when I am gone, all will be well, their Confession will but add to your Guilt. Confounded Woman! (*aside.*) O *Angelica*, my broken Vows to thee are well Reveng'd. Farewel false *Lucinda*, I am asham'd of my past weakness, for one so Wicked.

Lucin. (*holds him.*) Stay *Bellamour*, you shall not go till I am justify'd of this Inhuman Imputation, that you would fix upon me——

Bell. Nay, Madam, you must not hold me——I leave you to your Fools, and will be one no more.

(*breaks from her and Exit.*)

Vaun. Is he gone? Madam are you sure he's gone?

(*Lucinda walks about in a Passion.*)

Sir J. Aery. 'Tis well for him he is——Demme, had he stay'd a minute longer, I'de have minc'd him.

Vaun. Dear Madam, why this Passion now? 'tis true, 'twould have vext any one to lose so much time thro' a Fellows Impertinence: but beged you may be as free now as you please, here's no body here, but Dear *Jack Aery*, and he and I are all one.

Sir J. Aery. 'Tis true, Madam, here's no body here, but Dear *Vaunter*, and He and I are one Soul in two Bodies.

Lucin. Apes and Monkeys.

Vaun. Be pleas'd Madam, to dispatch us, for I have promis'd to play at Ramp to Night, with some Ladies, and I would not beged disappoint the Ladies for the World.

Lucin. Whose within there——whose within?

Enter Placket and Servants.

Plack. Lord, Madam, what's the matter?

Lucin. How got these Fellows into the House?

Plack. Lord, Madam, how should I know.

(aside.) as I live, the straves that I had Pounded in my Ladies Closet.

Lucin. Let the Doors be better lookt to another time; and let the Footmen tye these Fools Neck and Heels, till they discover upon what Errant they came hither.

Vann. O Law, O Law, rather let your Footmen show us the way down Stairs, and if you ever ketch me in your House again, may I be damn'd.

Sir J. Aery. Ay, if ever you ketch me in your House again, Ged demm'e.

Lucin. I say, let them be ty'd Neck and Heels — carry 'em away.

(The Servants lay hold of 'em.)

Sir J. Aery. O Dear Vaunter! What will become of us.

Vann. What curst unmerciful Croccadels are these Women.

(Exeunt carryed out.)

Lucin. Take the Candles, and light to my Dressing-room. I have this Comfort under *Bellamour's* Jealousy of these Fools whom I hate, that *Philabell* whom I Love, will be less suspected.

*For tho' the slighted Rivals be Reveal'd,
The Man we Love, should be with Care Conceal'd.
Un-nam'd, unknown, he lies securely Blest,
Safe in our Arms, and Peaceably Possess.*

(Exeunt.)

A C T.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The Street before Lady Dorimen's Door.

Enter Angelica, Constantia, and Courtal, Brother to Constantia: Angelica Reading a Challenge.

Ang. *After what past between us Yesterday, you need not Reading. A* *be surpriz'd to know that I am resolv'd to Cut your Throat, in order to which, I require you to appoint your Place and Time —*

(Speaks.) Very Reasonable truly.

(Reads.) *I am impatient to try if you can be as brisk in the Field before an Enemy, as in a Ruel before the Ladies,*
Bellamour.

(Speaks.) A very Comfortable Salutation.

Conf. And how you will bring your self off, I can't imagine, for my own part; as a Poet in a Play, when he has puzzled himself with a Plot, has recourse to supernatural Aids, and fetches down *Mercury* or *Jupiter* from Heaven, to set him right, so have I been forc't to Conjure up my Brother here, who by the help of the resemblance that is betwixt us, I hope may be able to satisfy my Mistresses, and protect me from the Fury of their Relations.

Court. By the Description Sister, you will stand more in need of a Real *Jupiter* to satisfy Four such dreadful Termagants; one Man, nor one Dozen of Men will scarce be sufficient.

Conf. Observe my Instructions, and fear nothing.

Court. A pretty Occupation indeed, to take up the Women you run down, and Fight the Men you provoke.

Conf. And does not the one make amends for the other?

Court. That's according as I like your Ladies; he that is backward to Fight for a Woman, is a most un-natural Coward: Hunger and Love make every body Valiant.

Ang. Now each to their several Project — Yes, *Bellamour*, I will meet thee — hark my Lady *Dorimen's* Door opens let us go, that no accident may hinder us.

O Love, be thou my Second, Fight for me,
 Who have endur'd so many Wounds for thee:
 When with his Weapon, pointed at my Heart,
 The Traitor stands, let loose thy flying Dart,
 Reduce the Rebel, and Avenge my smart.
 Whom Love befriends; is certain of Success,
 Love made a Woman's Fool of Hercules.

As they go off, Enter L. Dorimen and Placket.

L. Dor. Alas he's so very Young.

Plack. Is that a Fault, Madam?

L. Dor. Youth is necessary, but it has its inconveniences too; young Men make great over-sights.

Plack. What have been those over-sights, that put your Ladyship so out of Humour.

L. Dor. The Remembrance is insupportable.

Plack. Be pleas'd, Madam to inform me, and I'll take care to instruct him better the next time, and give him a short Lesson or two in the Closet, before I bring him in to your Ladyship.

L. Dor. Peace, I'll explain this matter another time.

Enter Lucinda.

Neice, I have been waiting for you this Hour.

Lucin. I but just heard the Coach was ready, Madam.
To Plack.] Be sure you look strictly to my Prisoners.

L. Dor. Call the Footmen and bid the Coach come up to the Door.

(Exeunt.)

Enter

Enter Frederick holding Constantia by one Arm, and Courtall with the other.

Fred. By your leave Gentlemen, I must expostulate this matter a little farther. One of you has injur'd me, but the Devil take me if I can tell which 'tis.

Conf. If you don't know your own Enemies, I don't know how we should.

Fred. to Conf. Pray, Sir, is not your name *Courtall*.

Conf. No, Sir.

Fred. to Court. Did you never make Love to my Sisters?

Court. Not I, Sir, I vow to Gad, but if you have a Sister Sir, that has any urgent occasions——

Conf. You need not press us, we are Gentlemen——

Court. And will be Volunteers in a Ladies Service.

Fred. Damme, this Trick won't pass — what are you? Men or Devils.

Conf. Not Men, Sir, I assure you ——

Fred. Then I will so Conjure your Devilships.

Fred draws, Courtall and Constantia draw.

Conf. Whatsoever we are, we are two to one Sir.

Fred. One after another Gentlemen is fair.

Conf. Your Pardon, Sir, if you attack us, we must defend our selves.

Enter Bellamour.

Fred. (seeing Bell.) Say you so, then here comes a Friend to set that matter right; you shall be marcht I promise you; one of you must be the Man I look for, but since neither will Confess, let both suffer.

Goes up to Bellamour, salute and whisper.

Court. (to Conf.) Sister, make your escape and leave me to the brunt; avoid the Peril, or resolve to discover your self.

Conf. What, leave my Friend in danger? Fie, I'll bring of all yet.

Bell. (to *Fred.*) I confess, Sir, I came hither on an Errand of my own, of the same kind; however, be pleas'd to dispatch, I know not how to refuse the Office you desire.

(*aside*) Dam'nd Customs of Honour, that expose us to the Quarrels of every body, as if our own were too few.

(*they advance.*)

Fred. Well, Gentlemen, now we shall try your mettle upon the square.

Conf. Ha, ha, ha, why *Frederick*—ha, ha, ha, what! Draw upon a Woman—upon your Mistress too—for shame—you a Man, ha ha.

Fred. Hey Day! Upon a Woman! Upon my Mistress! what the Devil is all this!

Conf. Love they say is blind, have Lovers too no Eyes? Is it possible, that you cannot discover *Constantia* thro' any Disguise?

Fred. *Constantia*!

Conf. Yes, dull Lover; where is now the Sympathy and the instinct, by which you Men are always so ready to find us out? one of us is *Constantia*.

Bell. (to *Fred.*) Have you any farther Service to Command me —

Fred. Mr. *Bellamour*, I am asham'd of the trouble I have given you —

Bell. There needs no Apology — (Exit *Bellamour*.)

Fred. I have heard indeed of so wonderful a resemblance between *Constantia* and a Twin Brother, that by exchanging of Habits, they have often impos'd upon their very Parents.

Conf. Lay aside your Choler, and we will both go Home with you: Unriddle us, and take us among you.

Fred. With all my Heart, and if I don't find a Sense for that, may all my Senses forsake me.

Conf. Come along then *Oedipus*.

Riddle me Riddle me re, who finds my Riddle shall have me.

(*Exeunt.*)

Aery and Vaunter ty'd down in two Chairs.

Sir J. Aery. O *Vaunter*, *Vaunter*! What a miserable Life is a Whoremasters?

Vaun.

Vaun. O Repentance! why art thou never to be found but at the Gallows?

Sir F. Aery. Past Experience, might have reclaim'd us from the Folly of running after Adventures, but Human Nature is frail, and never takes warning.

Vaun. How often alas! have I lain Sweating in a Chest, for fear of a jealous Husband, that came Home before he was expected: Or stood shrinking behind the Hanging which he has prob'd with his Naked Sword, and sometimes Run me through a Leg or an Arm, without daring to cry out.

Sir F. Aery. How often have I leapt out at Window, with the Bullets of a Blunderbush whizing round my Ears.

Vaun. How often have I been beaten with my own Ladder of Ropes.

Sir F. Aery. O the Knocks and Bruises that I have endur'd.

Vaun. O the Claps and the Poxes that are not Cur'd to this Day.

Sir F. Aery. And now to be tyed Neck and Heels in order to be Rob'd and stript.

Vaun. To have our Throats Cut, and to be bury'd in a House of Office.

Sir F. Aery. Or at best to enter into Bonds forasmuch as we are worth.

Vaun. O *Aery*, and when our Estates are gone, what will be left us?

Sir John Aery. Not a Man will keep us Company, for fear we should borrow Money of him.

Vann. Not a Woman will suffer us, for they think all filthy Fellows that have not Estates.

Sir F. Aery. O *Vaunter*, *Vaunter*! What a miserable Life is a Whore Masters.

Enter Placket.

Plack. Well, Gentlemen, how do you do? have you Pray'd.

Sir. F. Aery. Yes, yes, we have pray'd ——— (*aside*.) That the Devil would take you and all that you belong to.

Plack. And Repented.

Vaun.

Vaun. And repented, heartily repented——(*Aside.*) that ever we came within these Cursed walls.

Plac. And you will never more brag of Favours that you never receiv'd? Nor swear when the Lady makes her Footmen Cudgel you, that her Husband caught you a Bed with her, and that you were beaten by his order, and not hers, and that she sent you a present the next Morning to make you amends.

Sr. Aery. O never, never.

Plac. Nor write Love-Letters to your selves, with this Countess, and that Dutcheſs's name, and drop 'em in Chocolate-houses.

Vaun. Never, never.

Plac. Nor when the draggle tail Mask, sends for you out from *Chauviſſes*, swear that 'tis a great Lady that shall be nameless, that has stolen from her Lord, to spend the only half hour of her liberty with you, when all her business is to borrow a shilling to pay for her Coach, or to get a glass of *Rosa solis*, to drive out the Wind that blows a storm in her guts, for want of having found a Fool to give her a dinner.

S. Aery. Never, as I hope to be say'd, Ged demme.

Vaun. O, dear *Aery* don't swear in this time of tribulation, think of your Soul, dear *Aery*, for God knows, we may'nt have long to live in this wicked World.

Plac. Nor hire Black-gard, and Link--boyes to be drest like Pages, to deliver you notes in Publick Places.

S. Aery. Never, never, Gadzoony——*Vaunter*, I hope that was no swearing.

Plac. Nor give money to the Box-keepers at the Play-house, to come in almost in every Act, to whisper you that such a Lady, and such a Lady, in such a Box, and such a Box, desire you impatiently to come to them, when no body cares for your company.

Aery. Never indeed, never.

Plac. Lastly. Nor ever refuse your Money to honest folkes, that know how to make better use of it.

Both. Never, never, Deliver us and take all we have.

Plac

Plac. Then each of you, give me a Bond for a Thousand pound, and be at liberty.

Both. We will, we will.

(*She unties them.*)

Plac. There remains yet another Article: which of you two is the Knight?

S. Aery. I am a Knight, Ged demme, a Knight Baronet; and my Name's Sr. *Jenn* — *Vaunter*, we may swear again, now we are out of danger.

Vaun. Yes, begged. The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk, would be.

S. Aery. The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk, was he, Ged demme!

Plac. Your Father was a Pimp, and was Knighted for his Services. I know your Pedigree, why then — Sr. *Jenn* — to be short, my Fortune has been told me, that I should be a Lady — You must Marry me.

Sr. Aery. Tie me Neck and Heels again, tie me Neck and Heels. Gad zoons what marry a Chamber-maid.

Plac. A Chamber-maid, saucy Fellow: I have known a Lord marry a Sempstrefs.

Vaun. O, *Aery*, dear *Aery*, this comes of swearing so soon. A heavy judgment for thy Sins, well, I will never swear nor be wicked, but when I am sure I'm so safe, that no harm can come on't.

Plac. Well, Sir Knight, you may be worse offer'd. And I don't know but the punishment might be more to my self than you. Wherefore, on condition that you add another Thousand pound to your Bond, you shall go free.

S. Aery. With all my heart, dear Soul; Ged demme and a very good bargain.

Plac. Come in then, and Sign and Seal; but if ever you say one word of these Bonds, most certainly your Throats shall be cut.

Both. Not one word, Ged demme, begged.

Plac. You are likewise to declare before company, that you came hither by mistake. That you took this House for another, and that no body here sent for you.

Vaun. But, tell us truly: were not we sent for? Did not
K you

you meet us at the door? Lead us up stairs? Lock us into a Closet? and divert your self you know how, most unreasonably with us for near two hours ———

Plac. Impudent fellow, did I ever see your Faces before— I'll call the Footmen, you shall be ty'd Neck and Heels again you shall.

Aery. Why then 'twas the oddest Dream that ever I had in my life; and I believe we came hither in our sleep.

Plac. Why so you did. I never knew such a couple of lying Fellows.

S. Aery. aside.) Nor I such an impudent Bawd, Ged demme, but I dare not tell her so.

Vaun. 'Twas all a Dream, that's certain: and so we'll swear any thing that's put in our mouths.

Plac. Come in then, and perform covenants; 'tis a Charitable Office I am doing: Fools must be bitten to be made wise.

Sr. Aery. to Vaun. Would we were well off this business, and I'll swear I have lain with all the Family round, Ged demme.

Vaun. And so will I beged. *(Exeunt with Placket.*

Enter Angelica in Women's Apparel, and Mask't, at one door, and Bellamour at the other.

Ang. Sir, I must entreat you to take some other Walk. This Place I have chosen for an Adventure of my own.

Bell. Had you not prevented me, Madam, I must have made you the same request. This very Place, is to determine of my Good or Bad fortune for ever.

Ang. I wish I cou'd oblige you. But the Repose or Disquiet of my whole life is absolutely concern'd.

Bell. My Honour is engag'd.

Ang. And so is mine.

Bell. Your pleasure it may be. A Vizard and talk of Honour; Why is that sign set out, but to invite Passengers in? A Mask to a Woman, is like a House with a bush, the Ensign of Publick Reception.

Ang.

Ang. To be short, Sir, I expect to be obey'd, and have a Rendezvous here, that admits of no Spectators.

Bell. To be short, Madam, I am to fight a Duel on this very spot: If you are not afraid to see Swords drawn, and Throats cut, you may stay ——— I shall begin to make ready.

(Unbuttons.)

Ang. Sure, Sir, you don't use to strip before Ladies.

Bell. Yes, stark naked, if I thought 'twould frighten you.

Ang. Why do, strip, I have seen many a curiosity, but never saw a naked Man in my Life.

Bell. Aside, observing her. She makes me almost forget, that I was angry. There is somewhat in that Shape, and those Motions, that raise other desires, than those I came hither to satisfy ——— An Air, that methinks I have seen before. —

Ang. You are considering I see, I hope 'tis to comply and be reasonable.

Bell. I perceive, Madam, you are resolv'd to be obey'd, and it is but just indeed, that the Men give way to the Ladies: but then in recompence for the Sacrifice, I make you of my Honour, you must please to unmask, and let me know for whose sake I do my self this violence.

Ang. I vow Mr. *Bellamour*, my misfortune is very great, since you ask nothing but what I am under an obligation, not to grant.

Bell. It seems you know me too; this heightens my curiosity, and I am now confirm'd, not to leave the place upon any other condition.

Ang. If I thought I could revenge my Sex's Quarrel, to you, by the sight, for an injury you have done a Friend of mine, I would then show you my Face. Methinks you should walk the streets in Armour: I wonder you are not afraid to be torn to peices after so known a Treachery to *Angelica*.

Bell. That Treachery has been sufficiently reveng'd already, by another Treachery ———

Ang. May Traytors never meet, but with Traytors: Whoever Betrays, may they be always Betray'd

Bell. If you think the Vengeance not yet perfect, complet

it by showing me your Face: it is certain your Eyes cannot be employ'd in vain: You have too many Charms to be hid by a Mask; and those that do discover themselves, in spite of the care you take to conceal 'em, have in a moment, begun what you wish. Behold——I am ready for Execution, unmask and give the blow.

Ang. Why then prepare for your Doom. And may you be a true Prophet, I beseech Heaven.
Are you prepar'd!

Bell. Yes, Madam, and prepar'd to see somewhat that's very surprizing.

Ang. Surprizing indeed. (*Unmask.*) You start:

Bell. *Angelica!*

Ang. Yes, perjur'd *Bellamour*, it is *Angelica*, the Credulous *Angelica*; whom you so basely, and so ungratefully have betray'd: And who in a disguise, unworthy her Quality, or the modesty of her Sex, has been a Witness to all your Perjuries. 'Tis that *Angelica* whose heart ye came hither to pierce. Behold that heart, and with a Resolution worthy the rest of your Treacheries, Pierce, Perfidious Man, Pierce it boldly: see 'tis unguarded for the blow. Alas! but a little longer, and it had broke with the weight of the injuries that oppress it. Why stand you mute? Where is your Courage fled? Why is not your Sword employ'd, that you have held twice to my Brest, with a Rage so generous? Behold, here is the Enemy you expected.

Bell. O, raise not my Confusion with Reproaches, so tender and so just: Alas! if you could look into my Breast, you would find your self, if it be possible, enough reveng'd by the shame and remorse that over-whelms me. *Kneeling.*
Thus prostrate, the Vilest Criminals have leave, in token of Repentance, to approach the Heaven they have offended; if I may yet expect any thing from a bounty so abus'd. Oh! forgive your Kneeling Penitent. For 'tis resolv'd, and irrevocably fixt in this Perjur'd heart, either you must forgive, or with this Sword that was brought hither to be employ'd against you, I will wash away my Guilt, and Pardon'd be, or Pity'd! (*She turns from him.*) Ah! turn not so disdain-

disdainfully away; *Angelica, Angelica*, thus will I haunt you ever: thus following on my Knees for mercy: What has my folly lost! I have consum'd a vast Estate, and sums immense, in search of Toyes unprofitable, and airy Treasures: I have forfeited a promis'd Heaven, to reach at fruit, scarce worth the plucking. You Weep——Are they for me; those Tears? Then Weep again, give pity a full entrance: Where there is Pity, sure there will be Mercy.

Ang. Rise, *Bellamour*. As I have Reason, so have I now opportunity of being cruel. But one who has already been guilty of so many weaknesses on your account, may be easily perswaded to another. Yes, *Bellamour*, I will forgive, but must be cautious ever how I trust you any more: we should take care how we confide a second time, having been once betray'd!

Bell. Then let me Kneel again, and Swear——

Ang. No more——I forgive all faults that are past——But if there are any more to come——Alas! I should forgive them too.

Bell. False are the tales so often told of Womens Perjuries: the Spight and Malice of detraacting Men; base, base Aspersions all and false; or were they true, such goodness might atone for all.

Enter Lady Dorimen, Lucinda, Sir Toby, Philabel and Placket.

Sir Toby. So close! What billing in open street at noon-day? Adzooks, there's an impudent Whore-master.

Phil. What proofs would you have more of his inconstancy?

Lucin. They were much to blame, Mr. *Bellamore*; Who gave me notice of your infidelities——What at the Feet of a new Mistress?

Bell. My Mistress and my Guardian Angel, when you know who she is; I doubt not but we shall all be Friends.

L. Dor. Indeed you have made a good choice; she's very Handsome. But sure I have seen something very resembling that

that face before.

Plac. As I live, Madam, your little Spark in Petticoats :

L. Dor. It cannot be.

Phi. What strange Metamorphosis?

Sir Toby. My little Son of Love become a Daughter.

Ang. A Daughter indeed, and now the Myſtery's all out ; I am my ſelf that injur'd *Angelica*, of whom I told you. I had no other way to do my ſelf right, but by this manner of proceeding. Wherefore, Sir, I hope you will excuſe me, and not deny me your Bleſſing.

Sir Toby. Adzooks no more I won't ; thou haſt it Child ; why this was ſuch a *hocus pocus*, to make thy old Daddy at his years, and experience, not to know a Man from a Woman. To Poſe him in his Rudiments, in the *Maſculin* and *Feminin* Gender. Adzooks I'll Double and Treble thy Portion for thy Wit.

L. Dor. For my part, Madam, I ever found an invincible inclination to Love you. Pray give me leave to embrace you.

Lucin. Now your Breeches are off, I may deſire a ſhare in your Friendſhip, I hope, without making any one Jealous.

Bell. That reproach is a remembrance to me, that I am to beg Pardon of all this Company, whom I deſire to forget what has paſt, and to look on me, no longer as an Enemy.

Phil. I ſuppoſe now we are all ſatisfy'd ! Mr. *Bellamour*, is as much to be valu'd as a Friend, as to be fear'd as an Enemy.

Lucin. Before I ſign to this general Reconciliation, I muſt have a Publick clearing of ſome paſſages laſt night. *Placket*, go fetch your Priſoners.

Bell. It needs not, Madam ; my Paſſion made me too Credulous. Thoſe Fooles I know, go every where uninvited, and their forwardneſs never waits for Encouragement.

(*Placket brings in Aery and Vaunter.*

Plac. to them.) Remember your Leſſon, as you hope to ſave your Ears and your Noſes.

Sir J. Aery. I'll warrant you ; if we have not Memory, we have nothing.

Lucin. Well Gentlemen, have you call'd to mind what brought

brought you hither last Night.

Sir J. Aery. Yes, Madam, and we beg Ten Thousand Pardons for our Mistake. But having receiv'd Intelligence, Geddemm'e from a very beautiful Lady that lives next Door——

Phil. Next Door, Sir, I have a Relation lives there, a very Virtuous Lady, have a care what you say.

Sir J. Aery. O Law! What shall I say now; I don't mean Sir, Geddemm'e the next Door, where your Virtuous Kinswoman lives, but t'other next Door, where you have no Relations; there are two next Doors.

Vaun. Wellbrought of Dear *Aery*, beged; hou'rt an Angel Geddem me!

Lucin. A Chandler's Shop; there is not a Woman in the House under Fourscore.

Sir J. Aery. No matter for that, you shan't think to pump me so. But as I was saying, upon a small Item of the Ladies Affection, my Dear *Vaunter* and I intended a Civil Visit; but the nearness of the Houses, and the Dusk of the Evening, occasioned the unhappy Mistake, that has made us fall under your Ladyships Displeasure. And this now is the Truth, Geddemme, as I hope to be sav'd.

Vaun. Ay, beged, this is the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Lucin. This is all we had a mind to know; Gentlemen, you are Pris'ners no longer.

L. Dor. 'Tis sufficient we are all clear'd.

Bell. There needed not this strickt Examination, my own Reason had convinc'd me before.

Sir J. Aery, to Lucinda. I hope Madam this unfortunate Accident has occasion'd no breach between your Ladyship and *Bellamour*; Geddemm'e *Bellamour*, thou hast no Reason, for as I hope to be sav'd, there has nothing past between us, but a few Smiles or so——Geddemme if I ever meant to make any thing on't.

Bell. I believe you, Sir.

Phil. to Lucin. You have acquitted these Prisoners, Madam, when is my Sentence to come, and how long must I languish for your Mercy.

Sir Toby. Silence gives consent ; and that pretty fly gloat with the Eyes ; Oons, if Women had no Eyes, we should never know when to believe 'em.

Lucin. It were no matter, if all Mankind were blind, they are such Malitious observers ; your wicked Consequences scarce allow poor Women the use of their Eyes ; and we hardly dare open them for fear of some forc't ill-natur'd Interpretation.

Sir Toby. Your Pardon, Madam ; I meant not to offend.

Vaun. All this looks exceedingly like Coupling, beged, what are you all going to play the Fool and Marry ?

Phil. If the Ladies please, Sir, 'tis a venture, we are all willing to run.

Ang. Call it not a venture ; our Inclinations have been so try'd and prov'd, that there seems to be no hazard.

Sir Toby. I hope so too Adzooks ; but 'tis still a venture, for 'tis well known, that Women are strange changeable things.

Ang. That which is often thought Change in us, is for the most part Provocation, to be reveng'd. Men are generally the Aggressors, and Women must have a great stock of Patience and Virtue, to resist the Provocations that are Dayly giv'n 'em by their Husbands.

Lucin. If you examine strictly into the miscarriages of most Wives, you will find 'em grounded upon the neglect of their Husbands, and the Ill Usage they receive, more than their own Inclinations to Evil.

L. Dor. Resentment has made more Cuckolds than Inconstancy : Women are naturally Fond and Faithful ; but they are Revengeful, and of all Provocations, Neglect is the greatest.

Ang. It is not therefore to us, but to themselves, that they owe their Misfortunes. When we are injur'd, we are no longer our selves ; Disdain and Resentment Oppress our Virtue, and in that moment, a slight Temptation shall prevail with those who had before resisted the strongest.

L. Dor. Not but there are many whom nothing can entice or Provoke from their Duty.

Phil. The most Preposterous Abuse in Marriage is, when
upon

upon Agreement of Friends, two that know nothing of one — anothers minds, are to lye together at first sight ; this, as to the World, is coming together Honourably : A Woman that is sold for all her Life long, is a Wife ; and she that is sold but for a Quarter of an Hour, is a Whore.

Bell. The Misfortunes in Marriage have other Causes besides ; proceeding not only from the Avarice of Parents, who force their Children for Interest or some private Consideration, to marry, tho' never so Averse themselves : But from our own Ambition, preferring an Alliance or a Portion without Examining the Person ; or from a rash Fancy taken at first Sight, and persu'd without consulting our Judgment.

Phil. But when Love is kept within the bounds of Prudence and Discretion, arising from Esteem, repaid with Tenderness, maintain'd by Innocence and Fidelity ; 'tis then a Divine Extasie ; the Fountain and Author of Peace, Tranquillity and Unutterable Joy.

Sir Toby. But why Adzooks is not this Divine Extasie to be found without marrying.

Ang. No, for what offends the Conscience, destroys the Tranquillity ; and nothing that must be repented of, can be call'd Happy or Wise.

Bell. They who are Rich by indirect means, or Great by Evil Practices, or enjoy forbidden Loves, are all miserable at the bottom.

Phil. Innocence is the foundation of true Joy, and without it all Possessions are imperfect.

Ang. Marriage is therefore necessary to perfect the Felicities of Love ; and I appeal to their Consciences, Men and Women, who follow unlawful Pleasures, if they have not at some times, uneasie moments : And whoever have any thing, at any time, to reproach their Consciences withal, cannot be said to be happy.

Vann. And is this all your Opinions ?

(*All.*) All, All.

Vann. Why then, beged, I'll get me a Wife assoon as I can.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme a mighty pretty Woman, and a great Fortune, not an hour ago, would have forc'd me to marry her, and beged I refus'd !

Plack. to Aery. That mighty pretty Woman and great Fortune is still at your Service. I Sir

Sir J. Axy to Plack. Peace, Peace, don't Disgrace me, and thou sha't have more Money. As I was saying, the Handsom'st Woman in *England*, is in Love with me; and I'll give my Consent before I Sleep.

Enter Courtal Fighting and retreating before Frederick, Constantia, her Perruque off, and her Hair about her Ears, pull'd in by Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Fred. Fool'd, Cheated, Abus'd ———

All the Sisters. Pull her to Pieces——to Pieces, with this Succubus——this she-Devil.

Conf. Help, help—— I shall be devour'd by these Harpies, turn *Frederick*, *Constantia* kneels; now to you. Oh spare the Brother of *Constantia*, Oh Succour the Distrest *Constantia*.

The Company all interpose.

Sir Toby. Adzooks what Strange hurly burly have we now?

Phil. More wonders! More Transformation of Sexes!

Bell Why *Frederick*, what new Mistake is this? I thought I had left this matter in a way to be reconcil'd.

Fred. Faith so I thought too; but new Mistakes have happen'd.

Court. Since thro' your Impatience and your Sisters, so shrow a Discovery has been made: 'Twere Folly to pursue this Jest any farther; *Constantia*, 'tis time to Surrender, take Possession *Frederick*, and use your Discretion.

Sisters. We'll not part with her so, if you will have her, you shall have her Pricemeal——Vile Impostor, to put the Man upon us so.

Sir Toby. Not to put the Man upon you, Adzooks, there was the Devil.

Ang. These were very Innocent Ladies, not to know a Man from a Woman.

Dia. I doubt not Madam, but you have been better Instructed a long time.

Fred. Sisters, pray an Exchange of Pris'ners; what say you *Courtal*, are you willing to redeem your Sister, by putting your self in her place.

Court. I think as a good Christian, I ought to make the Ladies

dies Reparation for so many provoking Disappointments.

Fred. What says *Constantia*, is she willing?

Conf. Necessity has no Law; I am for Surrendring to the Power that can protect me.

Fred. In my Hands you shall never want Protection.

Frederick takes Constantia's Hand, his Sisters thrust her to him.

Mel. There take her, she's more for your purpose than ours. *Constantia thrusts her Brother at them.*

Conf. And there take him, whose more for your purpose than I.

Fred. O *Constantia*! I will so sweetly revenge my self.

Bell. Mr. *Vaunter*; Sir *John*, there are Wives for you, make your Addresses.

Vaun. Very pretty Ladies beged. *(They Address to the Sisters.)*

Sir J. Aery. Demm'e, very pretty Ladies, your humble Servant.

L. Dor. So wonderful a resemblance I never saw. Well for my part, after so many Mistakes; never more will I believe any Man the more a Man by his outside, as the Beard makes not the Philosopher, so the Breeches make not the Man, that's certain.

*Cowards in Scarlet, pass for Men of War,
And the Grave Fool, do's often Wise appear.
Trust not appearances; not Two in Ten
Deserve the generous Name of Women's Men.*

Ang. As your Ladyship's Disappointments are a Lesson to the Ladies, not to trust too much to appearances, so may my Victory serve to inform Mankind, that whosoever has once entertain'd a real Passion, can never so entirely dispossess himself, but the Woman, if she Pleases may reclaim him. There is always left a Foundation to work upon; and a weakness which he himself does not suspect, till he is brought to the Tryal.

*Captives in Love, try to get loose in Vain.
The Feet but slowly move, that drag a Chain.
Whom Irons Clog, we may 'ore take with Ease,
None can be free, unless the Victors Please.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

I Who have bin the Poets Spark to day,
Will now appear the Champion of this Play.
Know all, that would pretend to my good Grace,
I Mortally dislike a damning Face:
Pleas'd or displeas'd; no matter now, 'tis past.
The first that dares be angry, breathes his last.
Who shall presume to doubt my Will and Pleasure,
Him I defie, to find his Weapons measure.
If War you chuse, and Blood must needs be spilt here;
By Jove, let me alone to match your Tilter.
I'll give you satisfaction if I can,
Death! 'tis not the first time I have kill'd my Man.
On pain of being posted to your Sorrow,
Fail not at Four to meet me here to morrow.

E I N I S.

